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Cowell's Anastatic Press.

The School House, Barons Court.

VERY SUCCESSFUL!

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"There is a twofold fortune wherewith we are to enter the lists; good and ill, prosperetie and adversetie; these are the two combats, the two dangerous times, wherein it behoveth us to stand upon our guard and to gather our wits about us: for they are the two schooles, essayes, and touch-stones of the spirit of man."—
Of Wisdome, the second booke,—by PETER CHARRON, A.D. 1600.

"Perieramus nisi perissemus."

"Not from the chance of Fortune's wheel,
Nor from the dust—affliction springs;
The troubles that believers feel
Are but GOD'S blessings in disguise;
And like Ezekiel's visioned rings,*
The wheels of Providence have *eyes*.—
JOSEPH SNOW'S "Churchyard Thoughts."

*Ezek. i. 18.

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AT THE "CAXTON'S HEAD."
1856.

[THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.]

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CHAPTER I.

Substance and Shadow; shewing that all is not Gold that glitters.

THE season was what we traditionally call "the merry month of May," the time noon, the *locale* Threadneedle Street, when an exceedingly *voyante* and vulgarly, because glaringly - appointed, yellow (not orange) chariot, only redeemed by the goodness of the horses, which were large, thoroughbred and high-stepping greys, stopped at an office door, the windows of which were secured with a thick cross-barred grating, like those of a prison, while on the thickly-nailed and iron-clamped black

door appeared on a bronze plate, in raised brass letters, above the letter-box, the name of

"MR. PHIPPEN."

The footmen, or "flunkies," as the maid-of-all-work-ocracy would term them, matched well with the horses, but appeared themselves to suffer from the vulgarising influences of the apoplectic exuberance of gold lace with which their hats were encumbered; *à tout malheur quelque chose est bon*, says the proverb, and though it is no longer a misfortune to be cellar or garret-born in these enlightened days, when, on the contrary, to be the *reverse* is the draw-back, yet among the many *other* advantages which *parvenus* possess is that of paying their way through the Herald's Office, and therefore choosing their armorial bearings, instead of being hampered with heir-loom griffins and gules, or hereditary angels, antelopes, mermaids and caps of maintenance; and consequently the arms upon the yellow chariot in question, being all duly paid for, had so many quarterings (!) that they looked like *coupons*, or heraldic shares, in half the pedigrees of England; and the supporters, being a lion and a leopard, gave them at a short distance, quite a *faux air* of the Royal arms; while the motto, which meandered under the paws of the formidable quadrupeds, was the very appropriate one of

"*Porro unum est necessarium*"—
(Moreover, one thing is needful;)

and having, or having had, *the* one thing needful for shining in English society, Sir Titaniferous Thompson, to whom this turn-out belonged, had, with great unction, adopted that motto.

No sooner had the coachman pulled his high-mettled cattle sharply up against the kerb-stone of Philip Phippen's office, and the twin giants in plush had lowered the steps, than the "*Honorable Baronet*" hastily searched all the pockets of the carriage for a memorandum-book, which having found, he began with his pencil to rapidly add up certain figures; so that, previous to entering the office, he had the full benefit for a few seconds of having his cheeks fanned by the "May-kissed breezes," as they came somewhat dingily filtered through the volcanic chimneys of the surrounding buildings, whose craters, more indefatigable than those of Etna and Vesuvius, were always smoking. As soon, however, as he had finished his calculations, and arrived at what the late Joseph Hume was wont to call "*the tottle of the hol*," he pushed a japanned tin box at the bottom of the carriage with his foot, and, telling one of the servants to bring it into the office, he then alighted,—not with the commercial hurry of a man of business, but with the measured pace befitting a British Senator, an East India Director, a bran-new Baronet, a son-in-law to a Peer, and more especially, as the cause of all these glorious

effects, a *millionnaire*, who felt he had the world to trample on.

As the great man traversed the short passage that led to Mr. Phippen's office, he found it somewhat cumbered with packing-cases of divers sizes and forms; and as *chassez la naturel il revient au gallop*, although Lady Georgiana had been indefatigable in drilling her lord and master into the *external* decorums of good society,—still, that most vulgar and low-bred of all minor vices, a prying curiosity into other person's parcels, letters, and affairs, raged as paramount in the *great man's* mind as it had done erst of old in Manchester, when he, as a boy, had established himself into the *quid-nunc* of the village, as a sort of social "funds" upon which to trade; so, unfolding his double gold eye-glass, he stooped down and read the direction on one of the boxes, which appeared like a grocer's deal case, about three feet long, which direction was—

"MRS. THOMPSON. *To be forwarded.*"

In spite of himself, in spite, too, of the gold with which his superfine cloth garments were now lined, and in spite of the golden medium through which he had read this address, an unpleasant—a *very* unpleasant—sensation ran, like a gymnastic cramp, through the left side of Anne Thompson's son, and one or two large drops stood suddenly out upon his forehead, like the first damp phase of

verdigris on copper; but, hastily brushing them away with his handkerchief, he said, almost out loud—"*Pooh!*" as he remembered that Thompson and Smith, like man and woman, were almost generic terms; and, as a conscience "quietner," the honorable baronet found this reflection very successful!

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Phippen," said he, in his most condescending voice, as he entered the office of the latter.

"Good morning, Sir Titaniferous," responded Mr. Phippen, without rising from his chair, or even raising his eyes from a paper on which he was writing, but merely putting up the fore-finger of his left hand, as much as to say, "Wait a moment, and then I'll speak to you." And having appended his signature to the document which he was writing, he handed it to a clerk who was waiting to receive it, merely saying—

"Two copies of this, Sedgemore. And here," added he taking out a pocket-book, and putting a bank-note and a slip of paper into the clerk's hand, "after you have run off those two copies, just step into the Bank and get me two bank-post-bills in that name, for £42 3s. 8d. and £29 1s. 1d., and you need not bring them to me till I ring. Now Sir Titaniferous, I'm at your service;" and Mr. Phippen backed his chair and crossed his legs, like

a man perfectly at his ease and by no means awed by the greatness before him; on the contrary, though always small in stature and wizen in face, the baronet appeared to be visibly shrinking as he drew up his forces—to wit, his tin box and himself—opposite the portly stockbroker; and, nervously feeling for a black elastic chain round his neck, to which was appended a gold Bramah key, he opened it, or rather unlocked it, as he still kept the lid down by leaning on it, as he said—

"That you may have ample security for the additional £40,000 that I *must* have by Thursday, I have brought you several mortgages and different scrip to take your choice from."

"I must beg of you, once for all, to understand *litera scripta*, Sir Titaniferous, that with *scrip* I will have nothing to do, as I do not consider it any more security than I should the buttons on your servants' liveries."

"Well, well my dear Sir, there is no harm done. I merely offered them in the light of *additional* security—and—and here are my Crystal Palace shares, and those in Covent Garden Theatre, and in her Majesty's Theatre."

"Very sorry," replied Mr. Phippen, phlegmatically flipping, somewhat brusquely, the tassel of his right Hessian, as it lay unconsciously reposing crossed over his left knee; "but Theatres may be burnt down, ditto Crystal Palaces."

"Come, come, my dear Sir, so may private country houses too, for that matter."

"Aye! but they are generally insured to their full amount, more especially if mortgaged; besides, the acres belonging to them remain."

And, as he uttered this oracular fiat, Mr. Phippen abstracted from his hind-pocket, one of Mrs. Pemble's pocket-handkerchiefs, and blew his nose so energetically that it might have been heard like a tocsin half way up Threadneedle-street, and mistaken on 'Change for the announcement of another victory; and, indeed, so it was, inasmuch as to judge by the shrug of Sir Titaniferous's shoulders, and the sigh with which he again opened the tin box, and took from it another packet of red-tape-tied papers and handed them to his companion, it appeared very like a defeat for him. Mr. Phippen first muttered their engrossed endorsements half audibly, and then, unfolding the foolscap sheets, cast his eyes rapidly over the inventory of the "lands, messuages, and tenements" therein specified, and, making a little memorandum on the blotting-paper before him, laid the deed of mortgage down beside him, saying—

"Very well as far as it goes; but not above £9,000 or £10,000 *bonâ fide* security; and that's a long way off £150,000."

"But—but"—hesitated Sir Titaniferous, "I thought to oblige me you would, *perhaps*, take,

only for a *month*, till the meeting of the partners of Dobbs, Thompson, and Dobbs' Bank has taken place, the scrip—I mean the shares in Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre as *temporary* security."

"I am quite willing, Sir Titaniferous, to let you have the pleasure, if it is one, of passing temporarily for *the* richest man in the City after the Rothschilds, as *there* you must always have the pawnbroker's odds of two to one against you. I am quite willing also to let it be *supposed* that you could buy up Threadneedle-street, including the humble individual who has now the honor of addressing you; but the sooner you disabuse your mind as to your also having the power of *selling* the latter, the better. And as I have already a balance of £110,000 against you, I cannot advance £40,000 more without *tangible*, not temporary, security; and, moreover, as *I* am not a sharper, I should be very sorry to contribute towards defrauding any one by accepting a lien on Dobbs, Thompson, and Dobbs' Bank;" and as he spoke he fixed his brown eyes full on his auditor.

"Sir!—Mr. Phippen!—really, Sir—you—you—abuse the advantage you have in our relative positions of debtor and creditor; and—and—allow me to say, Sir, that, in short, I—I—do not understand what you mean;" and the coppery complexion of the M.P. assumed a paler and more brassy hue.

"*My* meanings I never find any difficulty in explaining, Sir Titaniferous Thompson. I'll be very candid with you. The plain English of the matter is this, I do *not* consider Dobbs, Thompson and Dobbs' Bank solvent."

"My dear Sir, what an idea!" shrugged the sleeping partner of that bank, with that inimitable and indescribable expression of countenance which may be compared to *looking a whistle*, which non-plussed legislators and critics resort to when some "damning proof" is brought home to them, that, being perfectly unable to refute, they affect to treat with pitying contempt. "What an idea!" reiterated the baronet.

"I hope it may be *only* an idea; but, as it is *mine*, I cannot consent to part with it except, like my money, on good security."

"Well," said Sir Titaniferous, again leading the forlorn hope of another dive into the tin box, "here is a mortgage I would rather *not* give out of my own possession, for, being a Lancashire man, I have a sort of feeling for the people, and should be sorry it was foreclosed.

"Sillwood and Adams!" read Mr. Phippen, and then, passing his hand tightly over his eyes, he added, "why, are they not mill-owners at Manchester?"

"They *were*, but the old people having had the misfortune to make a fortune, the sons of the

partners bought an estate between them, and called it Xylon Park, *xylon* being the botanical name for the cotton cone; however, the turf and other matters soon encumbered it."

"And *this* also was swooped into your net?" said Mr. Phippen; and again his eyes were fixed so keenly on his companion's face, that they appeared to be dissecting it, and the other winced accordingly.

"Honorably, quite honorably, I assure you," stammered he.

"Of course! Who ever became *possessed* of an estate that it was *not* honorably. *Losing* one is another affair." And this deed Mr. Phippen also accepted, and put aside as he spoke, adding—

"Come, we are getting on; we only want £80,000 more."

"You really are too hard upon me."

"My dear Sir Titaniferous! money *is* a very hard and hardening thing, and that is, no doubt, the reason why it is called *hard cash;* but that tin box you have there looks as if it contained a great deal more than £80,000."

"Well, perhaps it does; and therefore surely you might trust me till next week, only till next week?"

"Trust in any one or any thing beyond the Bank of England and the three per cents., is a weakness, as *you* ought to know, which *we* monied men are never guilty of, Sir Titaniferous."

"Here, then; I suppose you must have them," said the latter, with a groan, as he handed him two more deeds out of the box, one of which Mr. Phippen appeared to read the endorsement of very attentively.

"Surely you don't object to *that?*" inquired the borrower nervously.

"No, no! that will do very well!" And tightly tying all these mortgages together, Mr. Phippen rose, unlocked a large iron safe, with its four or five ponderous locks, threw them into a pigeon-hole, and, re-locking the safe and consigning the key to his pocket, said—

"Now I'll write you a cheque for the money!" which having done, and handed it to the baronet, the broker evidently thought their business, for that day at least, was at an end; but Sir Titaniferous, in transferring the cheque to his pocket-book, said, in his most affable and electioneering manner—

"When *will* you come and dine with me?"

"You really wish it?"

"My dear Sir! *can* you doubt it?"

"Well, you've asked me so often that, egad! I'll dine with you to-morrow."

Now it so happened that although Mr. Phippen was as innocent as the child unborn of either "Court Journal" or "Morning Post," his clerk, Mr. Montague Sedgemore, was much addicted to

them, as he used to talk both with considerable effect, at Rosherville, Laurent's Casino and Cremorne, where, by glibly letting out the whole peerage upon them, the young ladies became over head and ears, and the rival "*gents*" completely swamped; and Mr. Phippen having seen in the "Morning Post" that day (which, thinking it was "The Times" he had taken off of Mr. Sedgemore's desk) that "Sir Titaniferous and Lady Georgiana Thompson were to entertain their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of ——— and Princess ———, of ———," at dinner on the following one, he most cruelly, and with "malice aforethought," invited himself to join that "distinguished party;" and seeing, not to say chuckling, at the *coup de foudre* manner in which Sir Titaniferous was taken a-back by his kind proposition, he added to his perplexity by affecting to mistake the cause of it, and said—

"Oh! don't suppose I shall disgrace you. I've got a dress waistcoat—black satin, all worked with flowers—'pon my life! a very tasty thing. And not these boots, but French-polished ones, and trousers, and white gloves. I know all about it."

"My dear Sir we shall, at all times, be most *de*-lighted to see you; but to-morrow, I almost fear we shall not have room for you, and—and—"

"Oh!" broke in Mr. Phippen, "put *me* anywhere, at the side-table if you like; only egad! I can't play the French-horn as 'Squire Thornhill

did; but for playing second fiddle, *that* I don't mind in the least. Indeed, you may tell the company, if you like, that I'm a professor of the second fiddle. You know all the performers are professors now-a-days; and 'egad! I only wish that it was t'other way too, and that all professors were performers."

"No, no, my dear Sir," remonstrated Sir Titaniferous, making another expiring effort, without, however, like the dolphin under similar circumstances, assuming any beautiful colors, "not to-morrow, as I want Lady Georgiana to have the pleasure of first making your acquaintance *en petit comité;* and then we will make a party on purpose for you of agreeable people, that I think you will like."

"Couldn't have a party I like better. I think I saw in the paper that the Duchess of —— and Princess of —— dine with you."

"Why," gasped the tortured *parvenu*, in almost a state of collapse, "do—do—you know them?"

"Bless you," said the relentless Mr. Phippen with well-assumed vulgarity, "I've seen them all over and over again at Madame Tussaud's, and I should like to compare the realities with the imitations.

Poor Sir Titaniferous at this crisis would, at all events, have made a very suitable addition to the Chamber of Horrors, till, opportunely recollecting

that he had only to whisper to his guests, and tell Lady Georgiana to do the same, that this strange personage was *another* branch of the Hudson, opened for the *élite* of English society to traffic on, in order to insure him the *empressées* adulations of the whole assemblage. And, at once reassured by this thought, the *nouveau riche* put on his gloves, turned the key in his tin box, and said, with an air of more than resignation, as it almost amounted to *empressement*—

"Then at eight to-morrow, we shall hope to see you."

"Oh! by the bye," he added when he was half-way to the door, returning, and again laying the tin box on the table, as if it were by the luckiest chance in the world that he remembered what he was about to say—though the truth was, from the moment he had finished his own business, he had been racking his brain to know how he should broach the subject, in the way least compromising to his own and his relative's dignity;—"by the bye, I had almost forgotten to ask you to do me another service—a mere trifle; but the fact is"——and here he again unlocked the tin box, and, lifting up a sort of tray, like those fitted into dressing or jewel-boxes, he took out from the secret recess underneath, a large claret-colored morocco jewel-case, and opening it, displayed a necklace of large-sized brilliants and some sprays

for the hair. "Fine stones, are they not?" paranthesised Sir Titaniferous.

"I am neither a lapidary nor a diamond merchant; so I am no judge. But they appear to be so—very," said Mr. Phippen.

"Well, the fact is," resumed the baronet, "they belong to my aunt, Lady De Baskerville. These are her *own*, and form no part of the family jewels. They are worth, I suppose, £4,000 or £5,000; but, like all the women in London, she speculated largely (and unfortunately) during the railway mania, and she has never been able to pull it up since. And Devey and Hunt and Roskell and a few more have become pressing, and she wants £3,000 upon them, only for a year or two, for she is in great hopes of making up a match between her youngest daughter, Lady Florinda, and Lord Celonby, who, you know, *is* a millionnaire; and, her last daughter married, her expenses will be much less."

"And old enough to be the young lady's grandfather is my Lord Celonby!" said Mr. Phippen, with an expression round the corners of his usually benevolent mouth, as if he had suddenly eaten wormwood; while he accompanied this expression with a sudden movement of his hand, that pushed the morocco case nearly back again to Sir Titaniferous, and tilted its glittering

contents out upon the table; which the latter personage perceiving, quietly replaced them, and said—

"Oh! I don't think there is much chance of the marriage taking place just yet, for Flo.," as he delighted to call her out of her own and her mother's hearing, "is gone out to the Crimea with De Baskerville, in his yacht." And by this, like all weak-minded moral cowards, who shift their ground to *humour, as they think*, the crotchet of their auditor, he only made matters worse by the amendment."

"Ah! well, I'm glad, at all events, that the young lady is not in electric-telegraph haste to sell herself. But as for those baubles," added Mr. Phippen, nodding his head at them, as he plunged both his hands resolutely into the nethermost abysses of his breeches pockets, "*I'm* not a diamond merchant. You had better take them over to Emanuel Brothers, in the Minories, or, if you don't like that, I wonder you don't yourself advance the £3,000 upon them, as you *say* they are worth four or five.

"Why you see, my dear Sir, I've a delicacy"—

"A *what?*" interrupted Mr. Phippen.

The baronet repeated the word; whereupon the broker got up, walked to the window, with his hands still plunged into his pockets, and did not *look* a whistle, but executed one, which for

sonorous distinctness might have rivalled any of Signor Picco's.

"I mean," resumed Sir Titaniferous, changing the word, "that I have a *scruple* in taking such, or indeed any, security for this accommodation from my *aunt*. You understand? It don't *look* well to be so particular with a *relation;* and, indeed, I dare say the reason Lady De Baskerville offered *me* those jewels was, that she thought I would lend her the money without taking the diamonds or the interest."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Phippen, with a vehemence which the occasion by no means seemed to require, "no doubt; for I believe my Lady De Baskerville is what the world calls a *very* clever woman. And your very clever women, like your very clever men, always evince their cleverness by thinking of self, and *self only*."

A shrug which,—like the Vicar of Wakefield's "*I hope it may be so, my dear*" to any of Mrs. Primrose's ambitious prophecies,—might be interpreted either way as the event fell out, was Sir Titaniferous's only reply, as, gathering up the brilliants and replacing them symmetrically in their compartments, he said, after a few seconds silence—

"Then you will not oblige me in this matter?"

"Umph!" and excavating his right hand from the gulf in which it was, he held it out for the

diamonds, with about as much grace and courtesy as a bear at the Zoological Gardens demands and receives a biscuit, and with another "umph!" after he had contemplated them for some seconds, Mr. Phippen said—

"Well, as I told you before, I'm *not* a diamond merchant; and even if I were, unless I had a pair of scales, and a woman to put in one of them, against these sparkling sin-traps in the other, I could not tell how much they were worth."

"You may take my word for it that they are worth full £1,500 pounds *more* than I ask you to lend upon them; therefore you are perfectly safe in retaining them,"

"But if I don't choose to retain them?" snapped Mr. Phippen, dropping the case on the table, as if it had been a brazier of red-hot coals, to which he seemed by no means inclined to play the Mutius, or to become the Scævola.

"Then I must only apply elsewhere."

"Stay! Pawning's like marrying, for two reasons—first, because those who pawn, like those who marry in haste often repent at leisure; and, secondly, because—and herein lies the greatest likeness between the two barters—the pledges are seldom redeemed, and the gain, or the sacrifice, is sure to be all on *one* side; but Gad so!" added he, with a laugh far from being more euphonious than his previous "umph!" "I see

you don't understand what I'm at. You wouldn't have me dine with Highnesses and Royal Highnesses, and all the grandees in *Lunnun*, without rubbing up my manners, would you, as well as putting on my white gloves?"

As poor Sir Titaniferous was completely mystified, and began, moreover, to entertain serious apprehensions that Mr. Phippen was a little touched in the upper story, he also entertained a passing wonder as to *who* would regulate his affairs and be the trustee of the immense wealth of which he knew him to be possessed? And, as this self-put query was losing itself in doubt, his suspicions against Mr. Phippen's sanity were further augmented by that gentleman's suddenly approaching his chair towards him, till their knees nearly touched; looking him full in the face with those terrible brown lynx eyes of his; and saying, very *àpropos de bottes*, as it seemed to the baronet:

"Pray, Sir Titaniferous, did you ever see the 'Beggars' Opera?'"

"A—a—assuredly, Mr. Phippen," said he, backing his chair upon the first law-of-nature principle, "I have."

"Then pray do you not think that there is something very like *taking the road* with Captain Macheath, in taking a lady's jewels from her?"

"Why yes," rejoined that very *practical*, but by

no means chivalric personage, "*unless* you give her a good equivalent for them."

"Bravo, Sir Titaniferous! Mrs. Peachem herself could not have answered more *sensibly*, even when she was lecturing Polly so very sensibly about matrimony," laughed Mr. Phippen; "but you say those diamonds are worth full £1,500 more than you ask me to give you on them?"

"*Full that*," interposed his companion energetically.

"Then Gad zooks, Sir! would you have me rob a lady of £1,500?"

"My dear Mr. Phippen, you are *not* on the highway.

"No, Sir, I am not!—neither do I like such bye ways of doing business. Let my Lady De Baskerville keep these jewels, which are no longer *hers*, and wear them, merely signing this bond of indemnity, authorizing me to claim either the diamonds or the £3,000 after the expiration of one year, whenever I shall think fit to do so;" and seizing a stamp and dipping a brush into a cup of water, that always stood on the table for that purpose, Mr. Phippen pounded it down at one corner of a long sheet of foolscap, which he forthwith filled up (but in an engrossing clerk's hand) in the following form, reading out every word as he wrote it—

"I, Philip Phippen, bachelor, of the Stock

Exchange, and of No. —, Threadneedle-street, London, in the County of Middlesex, do hereby agree, this 29th day of May, in the year of our LORD, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five (1855), to advance, upon a brilliant necklace and three brilliant head ornaments, the sum of three thousand pounds sterling to ——"

"Her Ladyship's Christian name?"

"Dora," responded Sir Titaniferous.

"Dora, Countess De Baskerville, widow, of No. —, Belgrave-square, London, in the aforesaid County of Middlesex, allowing her to retain in her possession and wear the said brilliants for one year, with *the proviso that she neither injures them in any way, nor makes them over to any one else;* and that, at the expiration of that year, the said Philip Phippen, bachelor, of the Stock Exchange, and No. —, Threadneedle-street, London, in the County of Middlesex, shall have a right to demand back these monies, with five per cent. interest on the same, amounting to three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, or receive back the aforesaid brilliants from Dora, Countess De Baskerville, widow, of No. —, Belgrave-square, London, in the County of Middlesex, in lieu of the same.

"PHILIP PHIPPEN."

And, laying down the pen and taking up a hand-bell, he rang it loudly, whereupon Mr. Montague Sedgemore instantly appeared at the door with one

of those snob-annihilating bows, half D'Orsay half dancing-master, with which he was wont to come, see, and conquer at Cremorne and beyond—the Surrey.

"Here, Sedgemore, witness my hand and seal."

And no sooner had the elegant Montague embellished the foolscap with his autograph than Mr. Phippen said—

"Now you may go;" and, tossing the document to the baronet, he added, "Have the goodness to sign your name, as another witness, just above Sedgemore's; and if Lady De Baskerville likes to append her signature to it she can have the money and the diamonds, which latter I shall keep till I have her answer." And again unlocking the iron safe he put them into it. "But you must let me know before half-past two, as I am going out then, and it now wants ten minutes to one."

"Well really," said Sir Titaniferous, having unfolded his glasses and again read over the paper with his own eyes, "it is very handsome of you to allow Lady De Baskerville to retain the diamonds; but—but—the clause that she is not to injure them, or to give them to anyone else,—pardon me for saying so—but it is a *leetle* offensive, as if she *would*, my dear sir."

"Whew! how do you know? I've known women destroy things of much more value than £4,000 or £5,000 worth of diamonds, and give

away what, in honor and honesty, they had no more right to give away than my Lady De Baskerville will have to give away those baubles when she has given me her bond for them. At all events, *those* are my terms; and I'll make no other. However, she's not bound to accede to them."

"Oh!" rejoined Sir Titaniferous, eagerly securing the bond in his side-pocket, and taking up his hat in order to depart, "as I said before, it's very handsome of you, *very*, allowing her to keep the diamonds."

"Pooh! I don't see how I could do otherwise. It would be like taking her life, her heart, her soul; for what's a fine lady without her jewels? Why, of no more value than the poorest woman in the land; and, indeed, some might think not of half so much."

"I must drive fast to get to Belgrave-square and back by half-past two," said the baronet consulting his elegant little breguet that might have fitted into the interstice of the very tightest Russian uniform; "for it is now one."

"Pray," said Mr. Phippen, taking out his own portly gold warming-pan to exemplify the force of contrast, "do you call that sixpence hung in chains a *watch?* I thought Gulliver's Travels were all fudge; but I suppose there really *is* such a place as Lilliput, where they make those things."

"Oh, my dear Sir," said Sir Titaniferous,

floundering into a compliment as he put on his gloves preparatory to his departure; "like to like. *Your* time is taken up in *great* monetary transactions, so your watch illustrates the proverb of 'tell me your company and I'll tell you who you are.'"

"Proverbs, Sir," thundered Mr. Phippen, "though generally rules of wisdom, like all other rules, have their exception; and no man's way of life can lie amid the traffic of money without his ranking among the company he frequents, or that frequent him — many a scoundrel and many a blackguard. But God forbid these epidemics were so fatally infectious that he should, as a matter of course, become either."

Not really knowing whether Mr. Phippen *meant* to be personal, but quite convinced he was more or less rabid on this particular morning, the "honorable baronet" hurried his preparations, and the next moment sprang into his chariot, and no sooner had the footman given the order—"Lady De Baskerville's! and drive fast," and it had driven off, at an almost *beaujon* speed, than the broker, who was watching it from his grated window, burst into a yell, not unlike that of a laughing hyena, as he shouted out—

"Ah! there goes another instance of 'Honesty's the best policy,' 'Virtue rewarded,' and all that sort of thing." And Mr. Phippen, who seemed to

require a sedative, having no other at hand, remained drumming with his fingers on the window panes; that is, executing that celebrated fantasia, the Devil's tattoo with variations, and watching the varied expressions of hope, fear, care, caution, triumph, and despair of the human mosaic that was hurrying to and fro in the densely-crowded street, till the "worthy baronet's" return, which was in an incredibly short space of time, considering the obstructions and difficulties that exist to prevent people from getting on—more, perhaps, in the city of London than in any other part of the world.

"My dear Sir!" said Sir Titaniferous, hurrying into the room, "my aunt accedes to your proposition, and is *most* grateful to you."

"Ha! ha! ha!—'My Aunt' grateful to 'My Uncle!'—a peeress grateful to a poor devil of a broker to whom she pawns her jewels!—'Egad! it's rich! there's nothing like it on the stage! Well, I'll take her bond, and, as the gentleman in the play says about the *ha'porth* of milk and the cream that was to result from it, I'll let the honor —no, the interest—accumulate;" and, seating himself, he wrote a cheque for the £3,000, and then, unlocking the iron safe, took out the diamonds, and giving them to her nephew, said—

"There, Sir, are my Lady De Baskerville's

jewels, and my cheque for the money; and now I wish you a very good morning."

Sir Titaniferous took the hint and his leave.

He had no sooner driven off for the second time, than the broker tore open the bond and looked at it for some minutes as fixedly as if he had been turned to stone; then suddenly closing it he threw it into the iron safe, which he locked with great energy, and, transferring the key to his pocket, paced up and down, till, in one of his transits, as he passed the office-table, he seized the hand-bell and rang it sharply.

The "listening slave" immediately appeared.

"Sedgemore! get me a bottle of soda-water?"

Sedgemore disappeared in silence, but that did not prevent his speaking out. Mr. Phippen calling for soda-water, (he did not say anything about brandy in it)—but what *could* it mean? He had never done such a thing before during the five years he had been articled to him! Certainly his movements of late *had* been *very* mysterious. Could it be possible!—and this last surmise obtruded itself on Mr. Sedgemore as he turned into a neighbouring coffee-house in quest of the soda-water. Yes! *could* it be possible that Mr. Phippen, at his age, and bay-wig, was stealing a march upon him, and playing the Lovelace at Cremorne or 'The Grecian?' There was no knowing; and Miss

Susannah Simmons, a young lady of great sensibility and shrewdness, whose acquaintance he had made at the Rosherville Gardens, had assured him, only on the previous Monday, that "*Them* elderly *gents was* always the worst;" and surely Susannah ought to know about the elders? "Ughh! if I thought so, and could only *catch him out*," mused the moral Montague, grinding his teeth and wringing the neck of the soda-water bottle, which luckily was not a chicken, "wouldn't I ——— ?" but whatever Mr. Sedgemore *would* have done was opportunely, or inopportunely, prevented by the sudden popping of the soda-water cork, and the contents of the bottle flying up into his face and all over his shirt-front, which considerably damped his ardor and cooled his courage, without, however, allaying his suspicions, which were, on the contrary, rather increased by the Anacreontic manner in which Mr. Phippen quaffed another bottle of soda-water he had at length succeeded in bringing to him.

CHAPTER II.

In which many strange occurrences take place; some of a nature sufficiently mysterious to have increased Mr. Sedgemore's suspicions, and sufficiently equivocal to have confirmed Miss Susannah Simmons' theory of elderly gentology; more especially as the sequel proves, that there is no fire without smoke, any more than no smoke without fire.

IT is in vain to decry hero-worship as long as the decriers confine their labours to lapidating and trampling those who have been born idols or chiselled by the great sculptor, Destiny, out of the quarries of time merely to mould others of the coarsest and commonest clay and stick them in the places of the former, thus converting a Pantheon into a bear-ward. And therefore it is, that though

no great admirer of Mr. Charles Dickens in general, or of any of that wide-spread *clique*, the Humbugences, to which he belongs, yet one of his works we always did and ever shall admire exceedingly. We allude to his "Oliver Twist," a fiction which, for good feeling, utility and truth, gains considerably by being compared with Mr. Thomas Carlyle's fiction of "Oliver Twiste, or Twisted Oliver." All men write, more or less, from their own sympathies; but though a steady omnipresence of self, and a successful though unwarrantable ambition, bulwarked by extreme personal moroseness, may have found at once a chronicler and a panegyrist in Mr. Carlyle, there will always, as posterity grows older, be an increasing majority of impartial historic analyzers, who will think of Oliver the Usurper as even his favorite daughter, poor Frances Cromwell, did, which true bill she has left on record in that touching letter of hers to her lover, Charles Waller, the Proctor's Chaplain; where, after saying how often and how vainly she had tried to reason herself out of her love for him by calling in pride to remind her of her superior station, she adds: "But conscience insinuates that I had no right to the station I held; and that the respect I received from all ranks of people was the effect of fear. It convinced me that the former was gained by *an unjust usurpation and cruelty*, and the latter would most unquestionably diminish in

proportion as the power of my father declined; consequently, that the violent difference that I imagined to subsist between our respective stations was purely imaginary. Besides, the conduct of the Protector to you convinced me that even ambition did not think it beneath its dignity to be intimate with merit. Then I would recollect the fascinating charms of your conversation and the graces of your mind, polished to the highest degree of literary splendor. These circumstances united to shew me how vain it was to attempt my cure by having recourse to pride, and I, therefore, gave it up."

Poor Frances Cromwell! poor Charles Waller! Child and Chaplain, ye were alike but stumbling-blocks, to be kicked aside and trampled down in the path of Mr. Carlyle's great man, whose whole career strongly tempts one to believe the curious story narrated so circumstantially by Echard, of Cromwell (on the eve of the battle of Worcester) meeting by *appointment* the *Old Gentleman* in the wood, and there entering into indentures with him for the exact number of years his power and life lasted; though Oliver tried hard for an extension of the *Rowland* he had received. But the *nameless* Personage was inexorable, and drove a stringent bargain. Now, what inclines me to a belief in this legend is, that

Non multus premor!

But to return to the two fictions of the two Olivers. Having stated in what consists their difference, it is but right to point out in what they resemble each other, "*and the like*," if, indeed, it be not objected that *nullum simile quod idem est;* for the idiosyncracy of Mr. Dickens's Oliver is, that he is always *asking* for "more;" whereas Mr. Carlyle's Oliver, scorning alike parochial and parliamentary *convenances*, is always *helping himself to more!* Monsieur de Montalembert has been kind enough, after having *imagined* the *present* of England, to predict its future—a sure sign that the gifted and exceedingly amiable foreigner has *not* been admitted to Madame La Grande Bretagne's *petit lever*, or he might also have predicted that *her* future, compared with the onward march of other nations, cannot be so very brilliant after all, unless she has that terrible triple cancer of social, literary, and political HUMBUG from which she is now suffering first skilfully operated on. However, let us leave both the "high-level sewer" and the "low-level sewer," and return to our own more immediate business, first candidly confessing that this preliminary flourish of trumpets from Naseby to Cheney-row, and from the Commonwealth to the Empire, was wholly and solely to usher in the incontrovertible remark that hero-worship never *can* be put down, as long as one man shall have a single brain in his head,

a single glow in his heart, an inch more in his mind, and, above all, a shilling more in his pocket, than another. And to prove how deep-rooted it is as a social institution, it is by no means a see-saw, upped, and downed, at two extreme ends, with "*a deal*" of vacancy between them; but has a sliding scale, from kings to kangaroos, from thinkers to tinkers, from conquerors to convicts, from orators to organ-players, from singers to sinners, from Memnon to mummies, and from Cadmus to cads. And it so happened that Mr. Phippen was *the* hero of the latter fraternity; but, alas! what hero can invariably "behave as such," and act up to his worship, and not occasionally skip and go on like a mere ordinary mortal, as if nothing was expected from him? And so it was, we are sorry to say, with Mr. Phippen on the day he sallied out after having swallowed that unusual bottle of soda-water which Mr. Sedgemore had brought him. Immediately after he left his office, but did not leave a single order, nay more, he did not utter even a word; and, silent drinking being a thing that Mr. Sedgemore was totally unaccustomed to, of course he did not know what inferences to draw from it; so he sat down and drew a profile of Miss Susannah Simmons on Mr. Phippen's blotting-paper, accompanying the sketch by the sister art of music, as travestied in "Villikins and his Dinah," till he came to the "*cold pison*," when, bursting into a

fine strain of energetic prose, he flung down the pen, exclaiming—

"Blowed if that bottle of soda-water *ain't* 'most as bad to me!"

Meanwhile Mr. Phippen, totally unconscious of the conjectures his unwonted potations were giving rise to, pursued his way westward down Threadneedle-street, regardless of the innumerable overtures made to him from *high places*, of "Brompton?" "Hoxford-street?" "Paddington, Sir?" or the beavers that were touched to him, which, indeed, almost amounted to a "*testimonial*" from "The Old Hats Club;" but still Mr. Phippen shot on, regardless of it all, till the tongues between the dragons' teeth of the cads rose up in arms, and on and on, from first to last, might have been heard this one hope of many voices—

"I say, Bill! I hope as that 'ere jolly old cove ain't been a consulting on none of them there quack doctors, and they've been a telling on him to walk for his 'ealth, and such like?"

If such *were* the case, all we can say is, that Mr. Phippen was following the prescription most zealously; for his pace was of that accelerated description that those who had leisure to think, and thoughts to spare from their own affairs, arrived at the (to them) satisfactory conclusion that the old gentleman was walking for a wager,

and that if he only continued, as he was doing, to act up to "Old Rapid's" advice, and "push on and keep moving," he would certainly win it. And he *did* push on till he reached Oxford-street, where he stopped, took off his hat for a few seconds, and drew a long breath, after which he turned into "Mart's," the large fruit-shop, selected a couple of dozen of very fine oranges, and, further gave half a guinea for a not very large basket of strawberries; but if the basket was not large, the strawberries were; and he capped this extravagance with a couple of pounds of hothouse grapes, and half-a-dozen apricots, for which latter he paid twelve shillings. When they were all packed in one long, boat-shaped basket, and embowered in a perfect vineyard of fresh vine-leaves, Mr. Phippen was seized with a fit of admiration.

"'Pon my life," said he, "that looks very rural and pretty!"

"Won't you try one, Sir?" said the smiling shopman, handing him another circular basket of apricots.

"Much *obleeged* to you, not any I thank you. *I'm* like the daws, cherries are *my* fruit. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I'm sorry, Sir, we haven't any cherries yet."

"What? no 'Cherry ripe! cherry ripe! ripe, I cry, eh!—well give my compliments to the

blossoms and tell them to make haste, will you? And also I shall be much obleeged to you to let some one call a cab for me; but to mind the horse is a good one, and fresh, as he'll have to go about twelve miles there and back.

When the cab came, and it, the horse, and the driver had undergone Mr. Phippen's scrutiny, and received his approval, and the basket of fruit had been put into it, he himself got in, telling the cabman that he wanted to go to Brentford, but not into the town, nor to the Three Kings, but that he was on the Chiswick side to turn down a lane, called Hazeltree-lane, and then he (Mr. Phippen) would stop him and tell him where to go.

"But first of all," added he, "stop at a saddler's, where they sell lady's whips and dandy dog-collars, something natty and smart. I don't want a collar for a bull-dog, nor a muzzle for a bear. Now go on!"

And with a wave of his hand and a "good day" to the bowing shopman, Mr. Phippen leant back, elongated his feet, and drove off, but soon had to rouse himself from his *dolce far niente* by the stoppage of the vehicle at the saddler's, where he alighted; the saddler having, as he saw him do so through his shop window, hastily put, *en evidence*, a large, solid, substantial, well-worked, rather dear, and *not* the latest-fashioned saddle; thinking, from the appearance of this new customer, that *that*

would be the very thing to suit him, and so he should get rid of it at last. But this was only another instance of the folly of judging from appearances, as Mr. Phippen's very first words dispelled the illusion, for he said, looking round the shop—

"I want a small dog-collar, something light and pretty. Ah! there's the sort of thing—that red morocco one with the silver plate upon it."

"It's not real silver, Sir," said the man, handing it to him; "but I could have a real silver plate put on it, if you wish it?"

"No, this will do very well;" replied Mr. Phippen, examining it; "but do you ever put any bells to these sort of collars, little round bells perforated?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, frequently!" and the saddler opened a drawer and produced a box of bells of various sizes.

"Ah, these are the very things! Just be so good as to hang three of them to this collar. I suppose it would take too long a time to have a name engraved on the plate?"

"Depends entirely, Sir, upon the length of it—that is, the number of letters; but a name *and* address could be done in an hour."

"I don't want an address, only a name of three letters—T. I. M."

Oh! *that* I can get done for you in five minutes, Sir, at the silversmith's next door."

"Can you? Then I'll take this collar."

"Thank you, Sir."

"How much is it?"

"With the bells it will be five shillings, Sir; and the engraving I suppose sixpence more. I'll just step in with it myself."

"Oh, stop! there's no difference, I suppose, in the fashion of dogs' and cats' collars?"

"None whatever, Sir, except, added the man, smiling, "I should think it was quite a rise in life for a cat to wear a dog's collar."

"Rise in life! 'Egad! a cunning cat has twenty to an honest dog's one. You never heard of a dog upon a house-top, did you?"

"Why no, Sir."

"Well, there it is."

The saddler almost instantly returned, saying the collar would be sent in in less than five minutes; and as he again took up his position behind the counter he thought he might, like an over-tired rider, as well make an effort to *get off his saddle*, so, laying his hand upon the pommel, he called Mr. Phippen's attention to it by saying—

"A very superior article this, Sir; I'll venture to say better made goods could *not* be bought."

"I don't doubt it; but I don't keep horses, and,

you know, a saddle's no use unless one can get the right horse to put it on."

"Oh! beg your pardon, Sir; perhaps you will do me the favor of taking a few of my cards, in case you should know of any gentleman who *might* require anything in my way?"

"With all my heart, Mr. Leatherbey," said he, reading the card.

"Much obliged to you, Sir."

And as a shop-boy from the silversmith's next door now brought in the collar, Mr. Phippen transferred the silver-paper packet to his pocket, saying—

"Good day, Mr. Leather."

"Leatherbey, Sir," corrected the latter.

"Ah, Leatherbey! So it is. 'Egad! they say there's nothing like leather; and that's the way, I suppose, that I made the mistake."

"No offence, Sir," bowed Mr. Leatherbey, as he himself shut to the cab door, when once more Mr. Phippen found himself *en route* for Brentford; and the first green lane they turned down from Bayswater to cut across to Kensington, he began to enjoy the drive, as there was a perfect firmament of primroses and violets peeping out of the hedges, while the bridal May above them—

> "Balmed soft, like an angel's blessing,
> Through the ambient summer air."

There are some natures so patented by Heaven

that no evil contacts can corrupt, no prosperity parch, no wealth warp, no misfortunes mildew, or no ingratitude harden them, and from whose elastic verdure, let fate's storms and whirlwinds beat upon them as they may, those unobtrusive moral daisies—kind thoughts and acts—are still ever springing. Such a nature was Philip Phippen's; and to all such, to return to the woods and fields, hear the greetings of the birds, and inhale the breath of the flowers, is to feel among their *true* kindred, who are incapable of the cruelties and treacheries of human relations, or the neglect, the cowardice, or the hollowness of human friends (?). Such natures are generally tried in *many furnaces;* but shall they not be purified at last to whom God has spoken in adversity and in prosperity, by the empty cup and the broken cistern, by the full one and the flowing fountain—and in many voices, low and loud, having a providence in each and all—shall *they*, not more than others, be able to put aside the veil of beauty He has hung between Heaven and Earth, and look up, through the humblest of created flowers, to those glorious regions of uncreated light where He, the living God, "inhabiteth the praises of eternity?"

But of all these furnaces there is none so fiery as that of memory, whose relentless branding-irons are ever ready to sear the heart and brain for some

gaud of hope or happiness pilfered in youth, but dearly expiated through long after-years. And through this furnace and under this ordeal the old man seemed now passing, for in going through a narrow lane, the luxuriant boughs of the woodbine and hawthorn forced a passage through the window, Philip Phippen broke off a branch of the latter, and for a moment, as he buried his face in it, appeared to revel in its delicious perfume; but when at length he held it at a little distance from him, and began to contemplate the delicate tracery of its fairy-like flowers, and the cool, bowery look of its green varnished leaves, a thorn ran into his finger.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, flinging the branch from him out of the window, "always the same;—fair, sweet, alluring and treacherous! Fool! to be pierced by you a second time, and in my old age too."

And leaning back he pulled his hat over his eyes, folded his arms, and appeared to be sleeping. Perhaps he was!

* * * * * *

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but this is Hazeltree-lane," said the cabman, stopping and alighting about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Phippen had thrown the spray of hawthorn out of the window.

"Oh, is it?" said he, rousing himself, "well

let me out and you may go on to Brentford, cabby, and bait your horse; but be *here*—let me see it's now a quarter to five—then be here at a quarter to nine *exactly*, and wait till I come. What's your number?—947."

"Very good, Sir, a quarter before nine. Take this here basket with you, Sir, or leave it in the cab?"

"No, no, give it to me. 'Egad! a pretty thing if I had forgotten them after bringing them all this way." And so saying, Mr. Phippen tucked the long basket under his arm, and proceeded up the lane, till suddenly stopping and looking about him, he uttered the following soliloquy, which might indeed have occasioned Mr. Sedgemore to form far more compromising conjectures than ever the soda-water had done.

"'Gad! I haven't brought her last letter; but I'm sure she said Hazeltree-lane, and that I was to go on till I came to where three roads met, when I should see a public-house, and I was to inquire there the way to Hazeltree Cottage; but that if she could possibly get away from her mother, she'd come and meet me. 'Pon my life it's funny too to take a house and not know where it is. Well, never mind, as long as she and they all are happy and comfortable, though I suppose Bob's at school. I wish I could have come down here before, when I sent Sârah Nash to get the place ready for them, for

it *is* awkward not to know one's way to the house one's going to; well it can't be helped, I must only do as she said, and go on till I come to the public-house."

To which ten minutes more walking brought him.

"Public-house, indeed!" said he, looking up at a fine stuccoed, flat-roofed house, with small stone balconies to the windows, and a portico to the door, on the top of which were two tubs, containing American aloes; while all the windows had French blinds to them. The house itself standing in a large space, with a fine red gravel sweep by which to approach it, while through a half-open door, on the left-hand side, was the vista of a large leafy garden, with a bowling-green and the Thames bounding it, like a silver fillet beyond. From the centre of the portico hung the sign, which announced itself as—

"THE FOUR ALLS,

BY THOMAS LEVENS,

Wines Neat as Imported.—Home-Brewed Beer,

To be drunk on the Premises."

The Four Alls were pourtrayed by the artist in a board divided into four compartments, something (with the exception of the painting) after the style of Parmagiano's early pictures. In one of these

squares was represented the Church, symbolized by *a* church with a large extinguisher for a steeple, and a clergyman in a white surplice conducting, with a jaunty air, through the churchyard a happy pair to the Hymeneal altar. In the next compartment, the State was exemplified by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in her coronation robes, holding a sceptre, which had a strong family likeness to a drumstick, while the Dick Tinto, having flushed her Majesty's face "with a purple grace," gave her the appearance of having *au pied de la lettre* obeyed the last line of the legend on Mr. Levens' sign. The third solid square was intended as a homage to the Army, and was, consequently, illustrated by a light infantry soldier spitting a Russian on his bayonet, as he might have done a lark, and apparently carrying him home for his supper. And then, last, though not least, came the Agricultural Interest, pathetically set forth by a field groaning with waving corn, and a farmer groaning with fat, eyeing it like a rogue in grain, while a celebrated Protectionist leader (and here the likeness was striking), looking

> "Like hungry Jew in wilderness,
> Rejoicing o'er his manna,"

was talking to, and apparently *chaffing* him.

"Public-house indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen,

as he looked from the house to the sign, and from the sign to the house; "there's no such vulgarity to be found now-a-days. I only wonder that on the dogs'-meat barrows they don't inscribe, in gold letters—

'DOGS'-MEAT ESTABLISHMENT,'

and upon rat-traps and mouse-traps—

'VERMIN ESTABLISHMENT.'

But I don't see a soul about this fine place, and all the doors and windows are open. I suppose they are all playing at bowls. The proverb says 'Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers;' but, 'egad! I think Mr. Thomas Leven's may expect *robbers*, if he leaves all his house open in this way, and no one to look after it. At all events I'll go in and see if there is a bell in the house, by which I can make anybody hear."

And so saying, he walked into the bar, which had every token of having been recently and numerously filled, to judge by the innumerable tumblers with teaspoons in them, redolent of, and still containing remnants of, gin and brandy-and water, and the strewed fag-ends of cigars. However, at that moment it was perfectly empty; but as Mr. Phippen put up his glasses and looked around, his eye was attracted by a gilt frame over the mantel-piece, containing a paper printed in gold letters, and elaborately embellished with wreaths of roses and forget-me-nots, tied with blue

true lovers' knots, something after the fashion of "freedoms of cities," only minus the gold box. As the glare of the afternoon sun cast false shadows on these gilded letters, Mr. Phippen, as there was nobody there to ask him to take a chair, took one without being asked, and standing up upon it, he read the following announcement:—*

"November, 1804.

"On the 15th instant, at Croydon, Surrey, aged 59, Mr. Thomas Levens, many years Clerk of the Parish there. Some few years back, having a very numerous family, he filled the following offices in Croydon and its neighbourhood to maintain them: he was Parish clerk, barber and publican, having many years kept the White Horse, on Dubbin-hill, near the church; provided musick for dinners, balls, &c., &c.; taught the psalmody, at home or abroad; was head-borough and bum-bailiff to the Court of Conscience; and many years one of the Wardens of the Royal Mecklenburg Freemasons' lodge at Croydon. He was a thorough good-natured man; well respected; has left a large family, and taught the violin, flute, bassoon, and French-horn."

"Umph! I've seen worse pedigrees and worse epitaphs too," said Mr. Phippen, descending from his chair; "but I wonder which of these numerous

* This is extracted verbatim from the Obituary in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1804.

functions the present incumbent is away fulfilling, and all his people apparently helping him. I don't see a French-horn *here*, or 'egad I'd have a blow upon it, as practice for Sir Titaniferous's dinner-party to-morrow—ha! ha! ha! But I *must* find a bell, or something to make them hear, for I can't stay here all day;" and still, holding his glasses to his eyes, he walked out into the passage, and at the further end of it found a range of some eight or nine bells; and underneath each, against the wall, on little oval white China plates, in black letters, were Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; but the tenth, instead of a figure, had a larger plate, with "*fire bell*" inscribed upon it; and a bell-pull, suspended from it, with a large egg-shaped piece of Derbyshire spar attached to it for a handle.

"*The* very thing!" cried Mr. Phippen, and depositing his basket of fruit on a chair, he seized the marble egg with both hands, and began ringing away as vigorously as he had seen ringers do in a belfry when a triple bob major was required. He was getting very warm from his exertions; but he had not to ring long, for presently came rushing in, like a human Niagara, all the people from the bowling green—men, women, children, and dogs—screaming! swearing! talking! barking! headed by the landlord, a burly red-faced man in a white apron, suffering apparently from asthma, so that he seemed to be making ineffectual attempts to blow

his progenitor's flute, bassoon, and French-horn, all at once. At length he panted out—

"Where! where! where is the fire?" and Mr. Phippen's languid appearance, leaning against the bannister, and fanning himself with his hat, confirmed the illusion.

"No! no!" said he, as soon as he himself had recovered sufficient breath from his exertions to speak; "there's no fire. Ah! get me a glass of water?"

"A glass of water! Ring the fire-bell for a glass of water!—and ring it, too, as if all London was on fire, Sir. I don't care *who* you are; but you are *no* gentleman! Gentlemen don't come into a house like this to call for a glass of water. Glass of water, indeed! And above all, they don't ring the fire-bell to order it!—water, indeed. If you want water, there's the Thames; and it's a pity but what you'd been soused in it before you had come into a respectable house and frightened females as you have done. Look at Mrs. Levens, Sir—the state she and her cap are in. Had this happened twenty-five years ago, Sir, it might have caused her death, and that of my son, Sir; and—and ——." But here Mr. Levens was so choked with passion that it requires another chapter to give it vent.

CHAPTER III.

A long Chapter, in which a short episode of a long tissue of Infamy is recorded, by one who refused to join in it.

AVING been so particularly ordered to look at Mrs. Levens and her cap, to which Mr. Levens, with the trembling fore-finger of his right hand was still pointing, Mr. Phippen raised his eyes, and slowly turned his head in that direction, but very much with the cowed look of an old pointer, under the shadow of a raised cane, when he is told to look at the bone he has purloined, the article of wearing apparel he has torn, or any other misdemeanour he may have committed. But even when he ventured upon a more assured stare, he was not much the wiser for what he saw, as, in the first place, Mr. Phippen was no judge of millinery,

and did not even affect to be so; therefore, although Mrs. Levens' cap, with its weeping-willows of green and pink satin ribbon, *was* hind part before, *he* did not see any thing remarkable in that circumstance, but only concluded that, as it was the fashion to wear bonnets on the shoulders, it was also the fashion to wear caps in an inverse style. And in the next place, although Mrs. Levens was kicking vigorously—rather too much so he thought, considering the part she was representing was that of a fainting lady—still, as he had told Mr. Leatherby, *not* keeping horses, he was no judge of kicking any more than of millinery—therefore, what struck him as the most peculiar incident with regard to Mrs. Levens' situation was, that all this muscular-restiveness was taking place in the arms of a tall mildewed-looking young man, of a cadaverous complexion, and lank black hair and mustachios, and as Mrs. Levens was exceedingly fat and short this young gentleman had the greatest possible difficulty in preventing the globular mass intrusted to his protection from rolling out of his arms on to the floor. Now it was not so much this graphic illustration of *multum in parvo* even that puzzled Mr. Phippen; but (to use the expression of his own thought) "what part in the play this young man acted?" Was it chance that had caused him to be so heavy-laden, or was Mr. Levens' family conducted upon the same principles as

Monsieur Crepin's; and was this spider in mustachios the tutor; and just as Mrs. Levens was beginning to understand his system, was he going to be dismissed?—and was this the real flame which the ringing of the fire-bell had caused to burst forth. Amid so much that was vague and vapour a glimmering of the truth, like a ray of sunshine piercing through a fog, at length illumed his understanding, and he became fully sensible that he had caused a great hubbub, and that some sort of reparation was due to those people, or at all events was expected by them; so taking out his purse and abstracting from it a five-pound note, which simple act alone, irrespective of its ultimate destination, acted as a charm in allaying Mr. Levens' choler and abating Mrs. Levens' kicks; but having returned the purse to his pocket, and taken the bank-note gingerly between his finger and thumb, Mr. Phippen approached Mrs. Levens, and, with innumerable bows, said—

"'Pon my life, ma'am, I'm sorry to have occasioned you so much alarm, and if you'll allow me I'll explain how the whole thing occurred; only first of all, you know, ma'am, at every fire the first engine that arrives receives five pounds, so do me the favor of getting a new cap, as I see I've been the cause of bringing yours to play all over this young gentleman's shoulders;"—a mode of proceeding which Mr. Phippen found very successful!

"Oh! Sir," said Mrs. Levens, reviving rapidly under the magnetic contact of the crisp silver-paper, "you're very good, I'm sure; but there's no occasion for *that*."

There never is when you give or pay money; it is only when you have not the power of doing either, that you *should* do so becomes an imperious necessity, which *must* be enforced.

Here Mr. Levens himself rolled over, like a spring tide of the Pacific Ocean, to join the group, and add his intreaties to his wife's, that the gentleman would not think any more of the matter. But the mob, who had received no such good reasons for satisfaction, still besieged the door, which presented a curious assortment of noses and chins, that, being elevated by the tip-toes of their owners, flung back their hats upon their shoulders, so that they appeared like a servile imitation of the women's bonnets, till Mr. Levens, being himself now perfectly satisfied, had no idea of pandering to such vulgar and obtrusive curiosity; so seizing a tankard, which, though in reality empty, was supposed by the spectators to be full, he advanced towards the door, and raising it, while he backed his hand to a level with his right ear, as if about to hurl it amid the assembled crowd, he said in an authoritative voice, which must have been an heir-loom from the time his father was bailiff to the Court of Conscience—

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"Come, be off; will you? There's *no* fire; it's only a gentleman that rang the fire-bell for a lark."

And in a second this produced the effect of dispersing the mob, so that only the *habitués*, or those who were bre(a)d to the bar, and could afford to pay their way, remained to form a select circle round the landlord and Mr. Phippen, while the latter favoured them with the particulars of his invasion of

"THE FOUR ALLS."

"It *was*, as you very justly remark, Sir," said Mr. Levens, now mild and sweet as a glass of his own milk-punch, "*most* imprudent for us all to leave the house without a soul in it; for, instead of being a gentleman like yourself, who *is* a gentleman—(what a Janus Mr. Phippen must have been! since ten minutes before he was *no* gentleman; however, it only shews how cheap and plentiful (?) gentlemen are, since five pounds can make one)—it might just as well have been some burglar or ticket-of-leave man. For *myself*, Sir, I should have enjoyed the joke of your ringing the fire-bell exceedingly, had it not been for Mrs. Levens; but she's extremely nervous and delicate, as you see, Sir."

Mr. Phippen looked about, and seeing a larder with a glass window, behind which were two cold roast chickens, a tongue, and some custards and

jellies, he concluded that it was *there* Mrs. Levens kept her delicacies.

"In fact, Sir," continued Mr. Levens, lowering his voice, though by no means so much as to be inaudible below the bar, "I'm sorry to say Mrs. Levens has always had dreadful confinements, which have greatly shattered her nerves—frightful times!—My son, Sir!" and here Mr. Levens pointed to the moustachios, as if to adduce an indisputable confirmation of the last announcement. "But what carried us all away was to see a boat-race, Sir; and we thought we should not be gone five minutes."

Well," laughed Mr. Phippen, "it would have been too bad if your house *had* been burnt down, since you went for the water before even the alarm of fire was given."

And Mr. Levens laughed, and Mrs. Levens laughed; Mr. Tom Levens (that consistent result of one of Mrs. Levens's "frightful times") did *not* laugh, but he smiled, which was a great deal for him to do, and twirled his moustache; in short, we very much doubt, if Mr. Phippen had *not* possessed a five-pound note in the world (though the process would then certainly have been slower), whether he would not have equally conciliated the Levens family; for good temper is a natural good breeding, which, to all reasonable persons, is more acceptable than that which is artificial; as, on the contrary,

the politeness of an ill-tempered man or woman has in it something repelling, for it is hypocrisy added to malignity. But Mr. Phippen, being determined to follow up the conquest he had evidently made, said—

"Be so good, Mr. Levens, as to let me have a bottle of your sherry; and," added he, timidly, having seen that water was *not* popular in that house, "some very cold water."

But water, like many equally weak things, depends upon what company it is in, to be either despised or thought a great deal of. And *so* ordered, and under the auspices of a whole bottle of sherry, it *now* rose like an inundation in Mr. Levens' estimation.

"Directly, Sir! You shall have the best bottle in my cellar; and I think I *may* say, though, perhaps, *I* ought *not* to say it, that I *can* give you as good a bottle of sherry as any man in England. It is some that my father had given him by the Grand Master of the Mecklenburg Lodge, when he was bailiff to the Court of Conscience, and it was bottled *the very* day the Prince of Wales, that is, His late Majesty, George the Fourth, was born, Sir; in fact, it's wine I *don't* generally sell. This way, if you please, Sir! There's a cool parlour, which you can have to yourself. Tom! (to the moustachios) see that the shutters are open in No. 3. Here, Phoebe! you go to the pump for a jug

of fresh water; take the glass jug; and *be sure* that you pump a good lot of water before you fill the jug, that it may be *very* cold." And so saying, Mr. Levens ushered Mr. Phippen into *the* parlour, while he went down into the cellar to excavate from its cobwebs a bottle of the yellow-sealed *vino puro de Xeres* of the Mecklenburg Masonic Lodge.

Mr. Phippen seated himself in a Windsor arm-chair at a small round table near the open window (about which Mr. Tom Levens continued to hover, doing something to the blind that was *not* imperative), so that when Mr. Levens, senior, returned simultaneously with "Phoebe" and the latter placed a small tray with the jug of water and one tumbler and one wine-glass before him, Mr. Phippen, who had never read any novels but Smollet's and Fielding's; "The Vicar of Wakefield;" the original edition of "Tristram Shandy," and "The Spiritual Quixote," took it for granted that it was a thing as regular as the bill, to ask the landlord to share in any potations in which a traveller—whether *bonâ-fide* or otherwise—might indulge; so, seeing the inhospitable provision of glasses, he said to the Hebe of "The Four Alls"—

"My good girl, bring a couple more wine-glasses."

An order which Phoebe having obeyed, with her usual promptitude in attending to similar requests, Mr. Phippen filled them, inviting Mr.

Levens and his son to join him in a toast he begged leave to propose—

"Which is, landlord, May your alarm-bell never be rung from any greater necessity than it was to-day!"

"You are very good, Sir. I'm sure I hope not; and I also hope you'll kindly excuse the mistake I made in my hurry and fright of speaking to you in the manner I did."

"All very natural, Mr. Levens; for when fire and water meet they are sure to produce a hiss; and as I brought you up from the water that is the least I could expect for my fire. But I'm surprised, having read that very creditable account of—your father, I presume—over the mantel-piece in the bar, to find you settled in *this* part of the world."

"Well, Sir, so are many people; for I may say that my father's son might have done 'most anything, or had 'most anything in Croydon; but the fact is, Sir, Mrs. Levens being of a great Brentford family—

"The 'Buttons,' I suppose?" put in Mr. Phippen, wishing with, perhaps, pardonable vanity, to shew his topographical knowledge.

"No, Sir, the 'Hooks;' I thought it only right to consult the wishes of *her* relations and settle here."

"Quite right, Sir. Pray let me offer you another glass of your capital sherry; don't know that I ever tasted better, really."

Mr. Levens excused himself, thinking he could finish the bottle when his guest was gone; but Mr. Tom Levens, having no such future in view, "seized the present and lived to-day;" that is, took the second glass.

"Come, come, to drink Mrs. Levens' health," persuaded Mr. Phippen, blandly replenishing the landlord's glass, "as you used to do, I have no doubt, in the days of your courtship. Most young men that are worth having are generally *hooked;* but seeing what a loving couple you still appear to be, 'egad! you must have been regularly hooked-and-eyed together—ha! ha! ha!" Mr. Phippen taking the initiative in laughing at his own execrable pun, which, however, was loudly echoed by Mr. Levens, senior; but Mr. Tom Levens, who seemed to think it was no joke, swallowed the sherry instead.

"And pray," said Mr. Phippen, "which of his grandfather's—I mean his paternal grandfather's—numerous and all equally meritorious avocations does your son follow?"

"None, Sir; for his grandfather Hook dealt in second-hand books, and for many years did all the printing of the hand-bills and such like in and about Brentford, and, indeed, I may say, as far as Turnham Green; so it was his wish, and also my wife's, that he should be in the liter*airy* line, for which he's had a first-rate education."

"Oh, indeed! Then you are an author, Sir?" said Mr. Phippen, turning suddenly round to Mr. Tom Levens, with a great increase of respect in his manner.

"Not *exactly*, Sir," replied that young gentleman, looking damper and more mildewed than ever, as he smoothed his ruffled right whisker with a lachrymose expression of slightly offended dignity, that seemed to say, "not quite so *low* as *that*, either!"

"The fact is, Sir," said Mr. Levens *père*, coming to the rescue, "my son has been unfortunate in the onset of his liter*airy* career, in falling in with some rather objectionable *speciments*, which have given him a distate to the profession. But *lawr!* as I tell him, there are black sheep in all professions, but we mustn't condemn the whole herd on that account; and so it is with the Press, Sir."

"Oh! you are connected with the Press?"

"Only for a very short time, Sir, I was on a paper called "The Weekly Thunderer."

"What, as reporter, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; weekly papers have no reporters; but as *colabrateur*, which, in plain English, means *skimmer*; that is, to collect all the cream of the daily papers."

"Ah! I understand; and make a sort of Cheddar cheese of it for the Sunday paper?"

"It *is* very much that, Sir; and occasionally I had to write reviews."

"Well, I shouldn't at all dislike that, if I was capable of doing it as I have no doubt you are."

"It is not for me to say whether I am or not, Sir; but to be a newspaper reviewer now-a-days, one is expected to be capable of anything, which, thank Heaven! I am *not*."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, there is wheel within wheel, and most books are either praised or abused to order; and if I sold my time, I was not willing to sell my conscience."

"Right, young man! I respect you for it. But surely there must be *some* honest, impartial critics?"

"Of course there are, Sir; but that does not prevent there being a certain knot of unprincipled, unscrupulous, and influential men, who have organized a sort of literary Inquisition. Their emissaries and their engines are *everywhere*. It is a perfect *atmosphere* of corruption and intrigue as far as regards *individuals*, from whose influences there is no escaping; and, by always taking the popular side of every question in their journals, books and magazines, they have a sort of varnished clap-trap public fair fame which is all *they* care for; and, therefore, none but their victims and the *initiated* know the fearful sewer of iniquity that

their power springs from, more especially as their motto is 'Union is strength.' And, however, they may secretly malign and despise each other, as most rogues do, yet, in print, they stick together, and will, in the teeth of the strongest facts, lie each other into and out of everything; more particularly a fellow of the name of Fudgester, who is jackal to all the literary lions *and* tigers. *They* get *him* government appointments, and *he* repays *them* in puffs, perjuries, and adulation to the most unlimited extent."

"What an odious wretch! I only wish I could come across him, and I'd pull his nose for him."

"No, Sir, you wouldn't."

"How, Sir,—I wouldn't?"

"I mean, Sir, you couldn't; he hasn't got any nose *to* pull!"

"Oh! that's another affair; but I suppose he's not a cherubim, and could be kicked?"

"Depend upon it, Sir, if *they wanted you*—I mean that gang—they'd contrive that you *should* do their dirty work, *unknown to yourself*, *even* if it were to signing your own death-warrant. Then for the subordinates, they keep a sort of infernal ordinary at a pot-house in the Strand, where, when they have tampered with any newspaper underlings and got them to do dirty work for which they are turned out of their employment, this infamous association keeps them in an *ad libitum* supply of

tobacco and gin till they can find them further employment. But as the chief Mecænas of this Fudgester is a Sir Janus Allpuff, who, not content with having hunted his unhappy wife nearly to death, and reduced her to the lowest ebb of pecuniary destitution from defending herself against his infamous conspiracies, also prevents her in every possible way from earning her bread; and who so useful in *this* way as Fudgester? But though Sir Janus thinks himself an exceedingly clever man, he has committed the egregious folly of leaving *no* outrage uninflicted upon his victim, so that she thoroughly *defies* as well as despises him, particularly as the very low tools he is compelled to employ to do such dirty work have, many of them, betrayed his infamy in writing, which she is only waiting a fitting opportunity to make public; but the way I came to know all this was from refusing to be made one of these tools. You must know, Sir, that the proprietor of the 'Weekly Thunderer,' a man of the name of Starch, had, besides this paper, a periodical; and the *ame damnée* belonging to this periodical was an old French adventurer. This old Picassiette was a toady and legacy-hunting hanger-on, of an old Lady Dives, who was besotted with snuff and port-wine, and even more stingy than rich. Among this old lady's *other* toadies was also a Mr. George Beaucherche, another sexegenarian legacy-hunter, who was a

very disgusting personage in every way, having even figured very disgracefully at a police office, but being well born, and what's called in good (?) society, and having *no* morals, he was of course a chum of Sir Janus Allpuff's; and now, Sir, I shall be able to give you a slight specimen of the wheel-within-wheel way this infamous gang work. This old Lady Dives had taken a great fancy to Sir Janus Allpuff's victim, and on one occasion had invited her to go on a short tour with her. The night before they set out, this old French adventurer dined at Lady Dives', and when she went up stairs to give some orders to her maid about the next day's journey, he told Sir Janus's victim, with tears in his eyes, that he was in danger the next day of having his furniture seized, though as ill off as any one well could be herself. She could not bear to see an old man in such distress, more especially as she had often on former occasions tried to help him in seeking a publisher for his translations; so she gave him the few pounds she then possessed, at which he affected to be overwhelmed with gratitude, and you'll see how he *proved it.* Sir Janus, as we generally judge others by ourselves, was dreadfully alarmed lest his victim should gain an influence over this silly old Lady Dives and be left a legacy by her, which might make her in some degree independent of his persecutions, and *that* must be prevented at all

hazards; but his poor victim was much too honest and straightforward a fool to continue long in favor with such a woman as Lady Dives, whose revolting meanness, amounting almost to dishonesty, so disgusted her in this journey, that in writing to the Frenchman about a manuscript of his she had taken to try and dispose of, she said how completely worn out she was with it; adding, "I would not for Lady Dives' wealth take her bad heart and her bad breath." On their return, when Sir Janus's victim retired to the remote village where she endeavoured in vain to shelter herself from his persecutions, this Frenchman, who was always getting her either to correct his manuscripts or give him tales of her own, wrote her letters of the most fulsome gratitude, saying that he and his wife could not sit down without feeling they owed the chairs they sat upon to her, &c., &c., and a great deal more in the same strain, and began ceaselessly urging her to write on her own account for Mr. Starch's journal. She for a long time refused, saying she did not like writing for that sort of periodical, and was sure that if she did, the terms she should ask would be much higher than Mr. Starch would like to give; but still Monsieur Picassiette (the Frenchman) continued to urge her, saying Mr. Starch did not care what he paid for articles that suited him, as he was so very rich. Now the poor lady, thinking this was a nice way of the French-

man wishing to return the little services she had rendered him, and considering she was much too poor to refuse so advantageous a proposal, named her terms, which, though high, were immediately closed with, and for these terms the articles she sent were to be published, *without her name or initials.* So forthwith she wrote a tale for Mr. Starch's journal, with which he not only expressed himself perfectly satisfied, but, to her great surprise, enclosed her the the bank-notes for it by return of post, though it is not customary to pay for contributions to periodicals till those contributions are published. Now you will bear in mind, Sir, that this Mr. George Beaucherche and the Frenchman were as thick as two thieves—and never was *that* expression more appropriate; so of course Sir Janus was not long in hearing of this glimmering of independence for his victim; therefore the next thing to be done was to buy up Picassiette, and you'll see how effectually it *was* done. But first I should tell you, in order to shew you the astuteness and diabolical cunning of this infamous gang, and the tortuous, sneaking measures they adopt to prevent their dirty work *being brought home to them,* by always employing *others,* as far a-field as possible, to do it, this Fudgester, from being a *known* tool and toady of that vile old profligate, Sir Janus Allpuff's, and a *declared* enemy of his victim's, *never* reviews her books, or

mentions her name in any way, in his *own particular paper*, "The Excruciator," but merely sets on the ramifications of the gang to attack and malign her in every possible way; and, from the wording of some of these attacks, it is quite clear that Sir Janus gives the substance of what he wishes them to be, as the same internal evidence exists of such being the case that does as to his furnishing the pith of the puffs about himself to these organs of his myrmidons; but, after all, there is nothing *so* silly as your *over*-cunning people, which the very bungling way in which Sir Janus gets his dirty work done will ultimately prove; and, indeed, some of the anonymous letters which his infamous literary myrmidons are set to write to his victim strangely resemble, in their little, mean, cramped characters, his own, or his jackal Fudgester's, writing. Well, Sir, at the time Sir Janus's victim sent this first tale to Mr. Starch for his journal, she was on the eve of publishing a novel, and Picassiette wrote, telling her to be *sure* and tell her publisher to send a copy to "The Weekly Thunderer," which would give her a flaming review. She said *that* was precisely what she complained of in the present system of criticism, that all praise and all abuse was meted out in promissory notes *beforehand*, quite irrespective of the merits or demerits of the work to be reviewed. Now, another member of

this worshipful *clique* of stop-at-nothings, a few grades higher as to station, but quite on a par as to blackguardism, is the Duke of Twilglenon."

"Ah! I've seen that horrid fellow," broke in Mr. Phippen; "what a horrid looking wretch it is!—for all the world like a low drunken grazier in appearance, looking as if he had just beaten or worried one of the poor animals he had been driving, to death."

"Well, Sir, I believe he does kick and worry the only animal which every Englishman has a right to ill-treat to any amount, which is his wife; for beautiful and amiable as the poor duchess is, it don't prevent her being well brutalized by her ruffianly-looking husband. Ah! Sir, I often think that had the poor Princess Charlotte lived she would have had some feeling for her own sex; and that such notoriously profligate men and infamous husbands as this Duke of Twilglenon and his *worthy* associate, that Sir Janus Allpuff, would not have disgraced the English Court. But perhaps a man in my sphere of life is no judge of such matters; only I cannot help thinking, according to the laws of God, vice is vice and infamy infamy all the world over, whether in dukes or dustmen, or in baronets or bricklayers."

"To be sure it is," said Mr. Phippen; "only ten times worse in the patrician than in the plebeian, as *they* have not even the excuses of

misery or provocation to drive them into low vice."

"Well, Sir, you will begin to perceive how useful it is to this clique to have all *grades* to bring to bear upon their complex plots, the high to awe the low, and the low to do the dirty work of the high. Besides, all this sort of thing in the way of *payments saves money*, and can buy what money cannot always do, namely, money itself. And no doubt on such men as Mr. Starch and Picassiette the idea of even knowing and being *en rapport* with *gentlemen* (?) who knew a duke by station, however low and ungentleman-like his conduct might be, had a great effect. Meanwhile Picassiette, like all clumsy traitors, thinking to cover his treachery, was *rather* too lavish in his abuse of Sir Janus in his letters to Sir Janus's victim, and, as the sequel will prove, too suspiciously exulting in the triumph she would have over him in getting such large sums from Mr. Starch for her contributions, the first of which, by the bye, appeared forthwith, but, to her great annoyance and totally *against* the express agreement, *with* her initials appended to it, which, as *she* had never appended them, amounted almost to a forgery; and what added to her annoyance was that she had just forwarded another tale to Mr. Starch, and therefore wrote to him to remonstrate against such a breach of faith again occurring. Just at this juncture her novel came out, and I was

ordered to attack it, or rather her, in the most furious manner; but knowing the promise she had received of a flattering review, and that she was writing for Mr. Starch's other journal, I was too disgusted with the black treachery of the whole affair, and more especially the part Picassiette was acting, and therefore flatly refused —"

"Sir, I respect you," interrupted Mr. Phippen, "and I'll try and prove to you that I do."

Mr. Tom Levens bowed and continued—"Yes, I refused, and consequently was forthwith dismissed from 'The Weekly Thunderer,' but of course others were found to do what I refused to do—most probably Mr. Starch himself, or Picassiette. When this virulent attack appeared in 'The Weekly Thunderer,' Sir Janus's victim was naturally astounded and indignant at such gratuitous treachery, and wrote to upbraid both Mr. Starch and his *âme damnée* Picassiette with it, and to withdraw the second tale she had sent him. Thinking that in such a dirty business least said was soonest mended, Mr. Starch never vouchsafed a reply to this, but set Picassiette (who was paid for it) to try and cram her with as many lies as he could, which he did accordingly, but so clumsily (as is generally the case with liars) that one lie contradicted the other; and, forgetting that he had previously boasted to her what a wonderful man Mr. Starch was, as he was his own editor, reader,

and caterer, and suffered no *intermediate person to interfere with either of his journals*, he now began by saying that the abusive review in 'The Weekly Thunderer' was a greater thunder-clap to Mr. Starch than to any one, as that *he* had been away at the Isle of Wight, leaving strict orders with his reporter that the review should be a most favourable one, and that he would rather have lost a thousand pounds than that it should have happened, and that he had instantly dismissed the reporter in his (Picassiette's) presence; 'but the fact is,' added Picassiette, (and *this* he thought a master-stroke of cunning, worthy of Machiavelli or Talleyrand) 'that Sir Janus's gang, the 'guild,' got hold of the reporter and *bought him over, as they have a pot-house called 'The Cheshire Cheese,' where these fellows are well plied with gin and tobacco till they can find them other employment, when they have got them turned away from any paper or journal for doing their dirty work; this, Starch himself told me.'** In reply to this, she wrote back word, that in the first place weekly papers had *no* reporters; in the next place, *no* subordinate *dare* go so diametrically contrary to their employers' and principals' stringent orders; and, in the third place, he seemed to forget how often he had boasted to her of Mr. Starch's self-sufficing and ubiquitous

* Extract from Picassiette's Letters: which, with those of the other spies, have all been kept.

art of transacting his own business, and of his having no intermediaries, and therefore she must request again that he would instantly return her second 'tale;' as, of course, after what had occurred, Mr. Starch could not expect or suppose that she would continue to write for him; but there was no getting this out of their clutches, as 'the tale was in type;' neither could she for many months get paid for it, and when she at length employed a lawyer to do so, he allowed Mr. Starch quietly, in the teeth of his own written agreement, to cheat her out of sixteen pounds of the stipulated twenty-five pounds. Meanwhile Picassiette's letters were incessant, filled with different stories to try and convince her of his own and Mr. Starch's guiltlessness, or rather perfect innocence, in the whole affair, always launching out into the most florid eulogiums upon his, Mecænas Starch's 'high honor!' and '*straightforwardness*,' and his being *incapable!* of such conduct; which was about as logical and *probable*, Sir, as if I were *now* to attempt to persuade you while you were in the very act of drinking it, that my father *had not*, and *never had had* a bottle of sherry in his house."

"About!" said Mr. Phippen.

"But," resumed Mr. Tom Levens, "the victim of all this, knowing how poor and destitute Picassiette was, would not only freely have

forgiven him had he honestly said, 'I am indeed sorry you should have been so treated, when my hope and wish was to serve you, by getting you such a high price for writing for Mr. Starch's journal; but as, unfortunately, my bread depends on him, *I* cannot run counter to him by espousing your quarrel,' she would have been the very first to urge him by no means to do so; but she was naturally additionally irritated and disgusted at his clumsy attempts to make her believe black was white. However, as he continued to pester her with his letters and assurances of Mr. Starch's high honor and integrity, she said, 'Very well; here is a test by which I will *believe* in his sincerity. Every week, in the journal for which I wrote, he has long extracts from Thackeray's 'Newcomes;' now, let him *also* give some extracts from *my* book, which was so *abused against his orders and against his will*, in the "Weekly Thunderer," and *then* I will believe *that* circumstance occurred as *you* state it.' Picassiette wrote back, saying what she required should be done *immediately;* however, from that day to this, it never *was* done, but, instead, every week appeared either quotations from, or puffs of, Sir Janus. This was, of course, *more* than conclusive, and after that nothing could induce her to answer the little viper Picassiette's letters, which he kept writing, imploring her to re-instate him in her good opinion; and the reason the wretch was

so anxious and urgent for this was, that *he* would have done, had the correspondence continued, to betray her whereabout to Sir Janus, and so saved the latter the constant expense he was at to send his cast-off mistresses and other equally *reputable* characters, to hunt and spy his wretched victim of a wife, *and even tamper with her existence*, as will be one day clearly proved. But Picassiette, finding that *nothing* would induce her to have anything further to do with him, it became necessary for him to hasten the *dénouement* of Sir Janus's conspiracy, which he did with an honor and good feeling quite commensurate with the rest of his conduct, by shewing the private letters she had written to him to that silly, superannuated old woman, Lady Dives, more especially the one in which she had spoken of her bad heart and bad breath. Now, any one of the least good feeling, or even with the feelings of a gentlewoman, however angry and much annoyed they might have been with the writer of those letters, would have been utterly disgusted at the meanness and black ingratitude of this contemptible little reptile Picassiette; but no! in *her* they found quite congenial metal to work upon, and soon reaped the reward of their honorable conduct. Of course Lady Dives's first act was to scratch Sir Janus Allpuff's victim out of her will; which, as the former had never expected to be in it—poor, nay, almost destitute,

as she was—troubled her very little; and the old lady dying a few months after, though she left her poor old faithful servants of forty and fifty years' standing totally unprovided for, though one of them had twice saved her life, the amiable Picassiette received the reward of his virtue in a legacy of some hundreds, and the equally admirable Mr. Gorge Beaucherche of *his*, in some thousands; which, considering the five-and-thirty years he had passed in indefatigably toadying every old woman with money, either matrimonially or otherwise, was not too much as the recompence of his labours, to which those of Hercules must have been a jest. But though Picassiette was now paid off, Sir Janus Allpuff had other irons in the fire. I am not aware, even from the insight I have had into the Sodom and Gomorrah of the literary world, that it is customary for reviewers, (?) previous to reviewing a work, to write *anonymous* letters to the author, stating that theirs was rather an influential Review, but that before they reviewed her last work, they must first assure her that the world did not care one straw whether she was well used or ill used, but *they* (the *reviewer*, mind, and the writer of the *anonymous* letters, for there were two) wished to know was it possible that she mean Mr. ———, one of the characters in the novel, for her own husband?—as though they should ask, 'Is it possible you have dared to blaspheme your

GOD !!'* though, indeed, among *that* class of notoriously infamous and profligate men, who have left *no* law of GOD unviolated, HUSBANDS, of course, are generally given precedence to the Almighty in the awe and reverence such men endeavour to inculcate in the female slaves of Great Britain. Now with regard to that, the authoress had only to say that it was impossible to write a novel without having bad characters in it, and it would be equally impossible to mention *any* vice or any meanness which would not be perfectly applicable, and which, therefore, might not appear *personal*, to Sir Janus Allpuff, who, having taken high degrees in them *all*, was at perfect liberty to take his choice, and fit them on as he pleased; and as for the sacredness of the mere WORD *husband*, as to *her* it it was only the synonyme of the most extreme personal violence and brutality, terminating in being turned out of her home to make way for her legal tyrant's mistresses, and to having had one child destroyed physically and the other morally, being swindled out of every shilling, and hunted by a relentless fiend through the world, it

* In one of Tillotson's Sermons the following passage occurs: —"If men fancy God to be an ill-natured Being armed with infinite power, one that delights in the misery and ruin of his creatures, and is ready to take all advantages against them; they may fear him; but they *will* hate Him." Now if such a case is even hypothetically presumeable with regard to the Supreme Being,—when reduced to a chronic fact with regard to a mere *human* being of whatsoever human authority, the inference is obvious.

could not be very SACRED, *quoique sacré*, to her.' 'Oh! but respect to her position,' said conventionality; *he* had not left *her any* save one of honest superiority, which, as it arose from herself, it was not in *his*, nor in his myrmidons' power to deprive her of. Then what *was* she to respect? Surely *not* the iniquitous laws that allowed a woman to be so treated, nor the vicious and immoral society which tolerates such conduct; and least of all the opinion of a certain obsequious clique of the press, which panders to, puffs, and protects such infamy. The silliest thing that ever tyrant did is to leave his slave *nothing* to lose, to hope, or to fear, for *then* comes the reaction; the pigmy springs into an armed giant, and the trampled worm is, *for the sake of others*, willing to become a martyr to a cause of which they have been so long a victim; and of this overreaching folly the 'clever' Sir Janus Allpuff had been guilty. 'Oh! but his talents,' simpers some Miss, to whom they, no doubt, appear, as compared with her own, *very great;* but his victim, being an exceedingly well-read woman, could not even bow down to and worship *them*, looking upon him much in the light of the ass which carried the relics, from having read the most of his works *in the authors from whom he transferred them;* and, moreover, having more original ideas in her own head than *he* ever purloined from anybody else's. So, finding there was

nothing to be done with a wretch of this kind, and that he could not even hunt her to death, it was necessary to make the clique set up a hue-and-cry about the *personality* of her books; but *who* more personal, pray, without the excuse of gross outrage that *she* has had, than Sir Janus himself, even to formerly ridiculing the *Assinæum* and others of his now obedient vassals, to say nothing of his converting Her Majesty's ministry into highwaymen? Who more personal, either, than his friend Mr. Jericho Jabber, in his Caucasian romances? And who *so* personal, without any regard to *vraisemblance* much less to *truth*, as my Lady Gorgon, in her trashy productions? But because *she* has made her house *convenient* to the English aristocracy for the last quarter of a century she has a pension of three hundred a year, while poor Haydon starved on an under-footman's wages of twenty-five pounds—shame! shame! But Sir Janus had not done with his victim yet. 'The New Quarterly;' 'The Literary Gazette,' in old Silenus Jerdan's most unscrupulous strain, so that his reminiscences seemed to hiccup through every line; 'The Assinæum,' and, in short, *all* Sir Janus's *special tools* and literary bravoes—

'Cursed by the goose's and the critic's quill,'

were ordered to affect to treat her book as the production of a mad-woman. Nay more, Bob Clapper,

another star of this galaxy, and *quite worthy of being one*, considering that he lives with another man's wife and is always drunk, was also set to *bell* all over London that Sir Janus's victim was mad, which really was very unfair towards Fudgester, as they had just concocted a job appointment for him, and inducted him into it, under the very appropriate title of Purveyor of Lunatics to the Literary Fund. But if Sir Janus had only had the goodness, instead of *saying* and setting his gang to say all this, *to have instituted a medical inquiry, or any other inquiry*, that could have had his wife's conduct AND HIS OWN *examined into, thoroughly sifted and brought before the public*, she would have been, and still would be, *infinitely obliged to him.* But no ! the calumnies of this most loathsome and utterly contemptible *clique*, like their *charities* (?) are upon the principle of *publicity* and *self-security.* With regard to the former, they stab in the back and in the dark; with regard to the latter—*viâ* "The Times"—they dip their hands into other people's pockets; and no matter, as far as Sir Janus Allpuff is concerned, if his victim wife has been hunted down to the lowest straits of pecuniary-destitution, as long as *his* name figures in £100 subscriptions for restoring churches, or any other sound-of-trumpet doings, he will still have the Reverend Incumbent of any living in *his* gift, swearing that he is a reformed character ! ! and

Fudgester, endeavouring to demonstrate to the British public, by dint of brass and ink, that what *might* have the appearance of a barefaced plagiary in others, is the highest proof and evidence of profound *originality* in Sir Janus Allpuff, and that *so* any '*generous*' critic must admit; and certainly it is very easy for critics *à la* Fudgester to *be* generous with *other people's property*, and there is no generosity in giving people what they *don't* want; so Fudgester is quite right, to give *his* friends as much honor, originality, and generosity, as he possibly can. But it was not to be supposed that the clever Sir Janus, with such a *corps d'esprit* (?) at his command, would let his victim rest; so he next sets a fellow, calling himself a theatrical manager, (?) of the name of 'Leyton,' to write to her, demanding permission to dramatise one of her novels. Now the motive of this was two-fold: first, it inculpated the rare jest of leading the poor, struggling, financially-crippled wife to suppose that she was about to get a little money, which would be a great God-send to her, considering the terrible embarrassments his ceaseless conspiracies had entailed on her; and next, it established a *correspondence*, under the pretext of arranging the scenes and condensing the plot of the play, which correspondence was drawled out over a space of several months, which of course kept Sir Janus perfectly in possession of his

victim's whereabout. But at length even such a very bungling plotter as this very '*clever*' man felt the hum of the play could not last for ever; consequently the plot began to thicken, and the *soi-disant* Mr. Leyton was sent, with a woman who had every appearance of being a street-walker, in *person*, and under the name of Barnes.* This phase of the plot consisted in getting into the same house as Sir Janus's victim, and giving her the trouble and expense of getting out of it; and at a later period of the plot, this low fellow Barnes wrote her a most infamous letter, the handwriting of which was *precisely the same* as the letters of the *soi-disant* Leyton. But as Sir Janus Allpuff invariably adopts the opposite *verbal* virtue to the particular vice he may be at the moment practising, about this time he was seized in the House of Commons with such a '*generous*' (a favorite *word* of his) horror of the under-hand and the anonymous, that *he* would like to have every article in a newspaper signed with the writer's name! But surely

* As according to our charming and equitable laws, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," the author of this work would be only too glad if this Barnes *alias* Leyton, *alias* strolling-player, and always spy *would* bring an action against her, that she might get his infamous employer thoroughly unmasked with all his infamous literary gang in a Court of Justice; as she has *heaps* of documents and shoals of witnesses to establish the rest of this disgraceful conspiracy, in which the women "Pyke" and "Getting" were concerned. And *public exposure* is the *only safeguard* against such utter blackguardism and cowardly ruffianism as their vile employer has had recourse to. As the case is unparalleled, so must the mode of dealing with it be.

he must have uttered this *fanfaronnade* under the full conviction that such an absurd law never would or could be passed; for, otherwise, what dreadfully high wages some of his doers of dirty work would require for some of the paragraphs, *pro* and *con*, which they are ordered to indite!—Shocking to think of!—for it almost makes one see in one's 'mind's eye' Sir Janus *himself* reduced to such a state of pecuniary destitution as not to have even sufficient to pay for a raspberry puff, much less for a literary one! Thus hunted out of the miserable and remote village in which she had taken refuge, Sir Janus's victim left it, not letting any one know the place she was going to, which so exasperated her tyrant to think that she should, even for a week, a day or an hour, escape from his persecutions, that the next time the miserable pittance he doles out to her became due, and from which he even deducts the Income Tax! he positively refused to pay it to one of her solicitors till he had a *clergyman's certificate*, from *the place where she then was, guaranteeing that she was alive!*—and *this* he no doubt thought a very '*clever*' way of finding out where she was. But honesty is always not only braver, but shrewder, than rascality, not only because it has nothing to fear, but because *all* resources are within its grasp; and as his victim was determined not to yield to this disgusting, though at the same time too

ridiculous, piece of petty tyranny,—a very clever lawyer of hers, and one as honest as he is clever, soon brought that contemptible wretch Sir Janus, and his rascally attorney to their senses, by writing them word what he would do if the disgraceful swindle which he calls an allowance was not instantly paid. Of course he soon hunted out his victim again, but his spy (every one *now* being forewarned) was sent about her business in a manner that must have rather surprised her and 'her gifted' employer; and as now there is a talk of a general election, with what he himself and Fudgester would call those '*high* and *generous* instincts' for his own safety which never quit him, I suppose he will keep quiet for some little time; and he *had better!*"

"What a contemptible, dastardly set of blackguards, to be sure!"

"You'd say so, Sir, if you knew as much of them as I do."

"'Egad! I think you've told me quite enough. How old is this Sir Janus Allpuff, and what sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"Well, Sir, in years, I don't believe he is much more than fifty, but from the horrible life he has led he looks eighty; however, in the puffs, of course all this is attributed to his literary labours. His person is not so easy to describe; it is the head of a goat on the body of a grasshopper. But it's the

expression of his face that is so horrible; the lines in it make it look like an intersected map of vice, bounded on one side by the Black Sea of Hypocrisy, and on the other by the Falsehood Mountains. But I owe you many apologies, Sir, for having detained you telling you such a long history; but whenever I think of those wretches my indignation gets the better of my discretion, and on I go."

"I don't wonder at it, and I assure you *my* indignation quite kept pace with yours," said Mr. Phippen; "but tell me, do I clearly understand that you have now *no* literary employment?"

"I have no employment of any sort, Sir, and though I am sorry to hang about my father's house doing nothing, I'd rather starve than do the literary dirty work that was expected from me. What I should prefer being is a tutor, as I was educated chiefly abroad, and, therefore, write and speak French and German as well as I do English; Latin of course, but I am sorry to say I'm not a very good Grecian."

"'Gad! its odd enough, but do you know when I first saw you I took you for a tutor." And Mr. Phippen's eye twinkled as he recalled the remainder of his thoughts on that occasion.

"I wish, Sir, you *would* take me for a tutor," smiled the young man; and for the first time Mr. Phippen remarked that he had very handsome, intelligent, dark eyes, and altogether would not

be by any means ill-looking, if he could get rid of that damp disconsolate look—"But, ah! poor fellow," thought he, "having been connected with that d——d paper has made him like it; for newspapers are always damp and uncomfortable, when first they issue from the press, till they are aired. Well, I must see if I can't air this poor young fellow a little; he deserves a helping hand for his honesty." So mused Mr. Phippen, and thus he spoke—

"Well, I don't exactly want a tutor, for, 'egad! I'm rather too old for that, and I haven't any youngsters; but I'll tell you what I *do* want, which is what they call a foreign correspondent—that is, a clerk who can write French and German letters; and as you can do that, if you like to do it for me there's a hundred a year at your service, and a half-holiday Thursdays and Saturdays, and a whole one on Sundays of course, and my name is Phillip Phippen, of No. —, Threadneedle-street."

"Oh! Sir, *do* you really mean it?" asked both father and son in the same breath.

"I always mean what I say; so if the proposition suits you, you may consider the affair concluded, and be at my office, at No. —, Threadneedle-street, at nine o'clock next Monday morning, the day before this day week, unless you prefer a longer time."

"Oh, no, Sir! *sooner* if *you* wish it, as any time

is equally convenient to me; and I am sure I cannot sufficiently thank you."

"Pooh! Pooh! we'll talk about that this day twelvemonth. I should like to see the word *obligation* erased from every dictionary, for this is, or rather ought to be, as I am afraid it *is not*, a world of give and take; and if mankind were not short-sighted fools so it would be, for sharing our burdens always diminishes them, while sharing our joys adds to them. Moreover, like begets like, as poverty poverty, and wealth wealth; and depend upon it, young man, by sowing good offices we reap them. You refused to join a set of human blood-hounds in a woman-hunt, and to help the strong to set upon the weak; and lo! the genius of mischief inspires me to ring your father's alarm-bell one fine May-day, and Providence sends me to give *you* a helping hand up into my office-desk. But considering that I only walked in here to ask the way to Hazeltree Cottage I must now be off, so have the goodness to let me know what I am in your debt, Mr. Levens?"

"In *mine*, Sir, absolutely nothing; though I'm sure we are *all much* in *your's*," protested the landlord.

"No, no; 'gad zooks! that will never do. First to come and set your house on fire pantomimically, and then drink up all the Mecklenburg Masonic Lodge sherry without paying for it," said Mr. Phippen, taking out his purse.

"No, no, sir; you really *must* excuse me. I'm sure in your very handsome present to Mrs. Levens, and your kindness to my son, you've paid for the wine over and over again; and I'm only too glad that I happened to have a bottle that I knew to be really *good to* offer you."

Some men are like some stuffs, which have a beautiful gloss on one side, but are hideous on the other, which is often the case with your merely conventionally well-bred persons. But this was *not* the case with Phillip Phippen; there was not much external gloss about him, for, like his own fire-proof iron safe, he was clumsy and solid in appearance; but, oh! what sterling and untold wealth there was *within*! And, drawing upon that inexhaustible source, he no longer tried to prevent the landlord doing what he felt *was* a little gratification to him, and no courtier could have said with a better grace—

"Well, I thank you sincerely, Mr. Levens, for your hospitality, and I must trespass on your kindness still further by requesting you to have the goodness to direct me to Hazeltree Cottage."

"If you will allow me, Sir, I shall have great pleasure in showing you the way," said young Levens.

"Much *obleeged* to you; that will be better, and prevent my running about the country playing the incendiary any more—Ha! ha! ha! You won't

forget the 29th of May in a hurry, Mr. Levens—not the restoration, but the conflagration!"

"Rather say, Sir," bowed Mr. Levens, "the obligation we shall ever feel under to you."

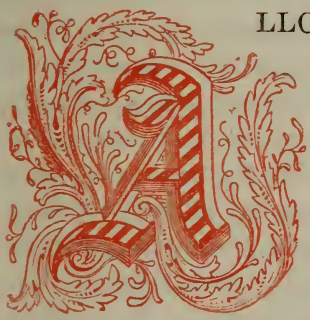
And having again, as he passed the bar, apologised to Mrs. Levens and her cap for the panic he had occasioned them, Mr. Phippen set forward for Hazeltree Cottage, escorted by Tom Levens; Mr. Levens *père* having said to him *sotto voce*, while the latter went for his hat,

"You are not surprised *now*, Sir, at my son's disgust to the liter*airy* line?

"Surprised! 'egad! no; so far from it that I only wonder, after having been among such beasts, he did not change your sign from 'The Four Alls' to The All-fours."

CHAPTER IV.

What would Mr. Sedgemore think?



ALLOW me, Sir, to carry that basket for you, said Tom Levens, as they turned down a lane to the right, leading from "The Four Alls."

"Much *obleeged* to you, but I prefer carrying it. I like the look and smell of the leaves; 'tis like walking through a vineyard."

"Well! it's live and learn," said Mr. Phippen, as they walked along. "'Gad! I can't help thinking of the pretty tissue of blackguardism you have revealed to me to-day, as practised by *some* of our legislators and literati; it is only another convincing proof that the sense to conduct sense is worth every other part of it, for great abilities are much more frequently possessed than properly applied. But no wonder we have so many wickedly-crooked laws, when we have such a set of precious

scoundrels for senators and censors, making fine speeches and writing fine paragraphs in the midst of so much practical iniquity. It is disgusting, upon my life!"

"Why, yes, Sir," responded his companion; "the present every-man-for-himself or devil-take-the-hindmost system is not much like Burke's idea of politics, who said, as far as he understood them, they were but an enlarged morality; but *our* politico-literary *illuminati*—have converted modern politics into nothing but an enlarged swindle."

"Very like it, 'pon my life; and this exclusive eye to number one, and the mania these fellows have for lecturing about the country, all for notoriety's sake—as if most of them were not quite notorious enough already—reminds me of a one-act farce called 'The School for Eloquence,' I once saw when I was a boy. I recollect when the curtain drew up it discovered a debating society (it would *now* be a Mechanics Institute) with the Moderator seated in his chair; and, after an exordium from him, shewing in terms of poignant irony, the *real* basis of all such assemblies, the inspired members of which usually, on a sudden, rise and decide with infinite ease upon questions so knotty and abstruse that they would at least require long and serious deliberation, and indeed could not, unless the speakers had supernatural faculties, be rationally or conscientiously determined

on otherwise. The question for the night was then read, and was—

'Is Oratory of use to Society?'

The speakers were the original proposers of the question. To wit, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a fop, a character in a mask, a Frenchman, a Welshman, and a town buck, as they were called at that time. The first, by his speech, served as a satire upon those who mistake an aggregation of high sounding words and turgid phrases for eloquence and sublime ideas; the second adduced a proof of the use and importance of oratory, but stating that his own cousin was a *White Boy*, and proved his *patriotism by levelling all inclosures* in the neighbourhood in which he lived; till at length, obliged to quit his native soil, he came to England, and being reduced to necessity, was advised to work; but, in order to avoid doing anything unbecoming a *jauntleman*, he assumed the crape, and rode for his health on the high-way, till the *uncivil* officers of justice seized him, and he was thrice brought to trial, but each time escaped conviction by *bothering* the jury and producing an ellipsis in the evidence by bribery. Hence, the Irishman concludes that, as saving life when forfeited to the gallows, is the most important of all possible results, his cousin's good fortune was an unanswerable proof of the use of oratory to society; whereupon the Scotchman condemns the Irishman's argument, and says

that oratory *so* used is a prostitution of a fine art, for the base purpose of rescuing a scoundrel from the gallows; and *he* contends, in affirmative of the question, that oratory is properly used in bestowing panegyric upon a man's patrons, and procuring good appointments. The fop asserts that its chief use is to enable a man to be well with the ladies. The masked speaker ridicules all that has been said, as proving more than enough in favor of oratory; while the Frenchman maintains that the whole art of oratory depends on grace and manner, they being to speaking what time and expression are to music; and as an inverse corroboration of his argument, gives some most ludicrous imitations of the awkwardness and absurd gestures of some of our speakers in St. Stephen's. The Welshman is an advocate for oratory, because it may be well employed in doing honor to a man's pedigree. The buck laughs at oratory as a false art, serving only to mislead mankind, and confound right and wrong, and lays down *his* oratorical theory with this syllogism: if any man contradicts me, I say '*you lie*,' and that's my *major;* if he dares meet that, I blow out his brains—that's my *minor;* and then who dare dispute the *conclusion?*' After which, as well as I remember, the farce concludes with a *patriotic* riot, each man contending that every one is wrong but himself."

"Well, indeed, Sir, allowing for the difference of

subject, and the one being a ridiculous fiction, and the other a ridiculous reality, we are acting *off* the stage pretty much the same farce *now ;* only, unfortunately, it is not restricted to ONE act. But *here* we are, within fifty yards of Hazeltree Cottage," added young Levens, suddenly stopping and pointing to a small old-fashioned ivy-covered tenement that stood in a sort of lawned garden; "*that* is it, Sir, so now I wish you good afternoon."

Mr. Phippen, who was a pretty shrewd observer of character in his way, that is, when he thought it worth his while to observe it, was pleased with this little trait of his new clerk's not accompanying him quite up to the house; "For," said he to himself, "a pushing, vulgar-minded fellow would have done so, and, moreover, have lingered on to find out what the deuce was taking me there, and all about it. I'm sure Sedgemore would, for one. 'Egad! I begin to take an interest in this young man;" and to shew that he did so, after Tom Levens had taken off his hat, wished him good bye, and was retracing his steps home, Mr. Phippen called after him—

"Tzit! ho! Mr. Levens!"

"Did you call, Sir?" said the other, returning.

"Yes! Do you know, I think we have both done a very foolish thing, in entering into such a sudden engagement, for *you* know nothing about me, and I know nothing about you, except that I

greatly approve your conduct in not doing dirty work for that d——d literary gang."

"Oh, Sir!" interrupted the young man, "I'm sure *I'm* very safe in engaging myself to you, and I hope *you'll* have no cause to repent of your kindness in having taken me; for, however humble my abilities may be, at all events you shall have no fault to find with my zeal and fidelity, Sir."

"It's not that,—it's not that. I'm sure that will be all right;—but habits, you know,—habits, Tom. Your name *is* Tom, isn't it?

"It is, Sir."

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Phippen, laying his hand upon the young man's wrist, so as to make up by the kindness of his manner for anything that might have appeared offensive in the doubt implied by the advice he was going to give, "it's your father's calling, and the temptation which it may have put in your way, which a *leetle* alarms me. Now, I don't mind your taking a few glasses of wine in *company;*—it cheers, enlivens, and promotes mirth and spirit in conversation—nay, for that matter, if you *can bear it, Tom,* I don't so much mind *this* bottle or *that* bottle; but, as you value your own respectability and my friendship, *beware of the other bottle!*—for 'tis *t'other* bottle that always makes us drunk, quarrelsome, stupid, stay out late, keep bad company, have bad headaches,

and think more of soda-water than of Sunday; so if ever you *had* any acquaintance with it, the first thing you must do, before coming to me, is to break with *that other bottle*, if you can do so, without *cracking* it."*

"I do assure you, Sir," smiled the young man, "I *never had* any acquaintance with it, and, indeed, I don't know when I have taken so much wine as I did in your presence to-day, for though I fear the proverb of no one worse shod than the shoe-maker's wife, cannot be generally parodied into, no one worse beveraged than the vintner's son, yet in *my* case it happens to be so, for having a tendency to consumption, I have been forbidden by the medical men to take either wine or spirits."

"Come, that's all right then, though I'm sorry for the cause; but who knows, if all goes on well, and the air of Threadneedle-street don't agree with you, though—'egad! it's reckoned the best in the world for the *chest*—ha! ha! ha!—perhaps I may be having occasion to send you out to Malaga or to the Mediterranean. Well now good day—good day—and at nine next Monday; and if I should not be in the office so soon, you'll find my other clerk there, Mr. Sedgemore, and your acquaintance

*The author begs the Chancellor of the Exchequer's acknowledgment of the restitution of this joke about "*the other bottle*," which is neither Mr. Phippen's, nor belonging to any one in the locality of Fleet Street, as it first saw the light in a very old periodical, called "The Indicator," which died a natural death some fifty years ago.

will begin well, with *deeds* not words;" and with another little chuckle Mr. Phippen proceeded to the gate of Hazeltree Cottage.

"Ah!" thought Tom Levens as he wended his way home, "if we had but a dozen such honest fellows as that in Parliament!"

But Mr. Levens was wrong; for Phillip Phippen would *not* have done for a member of Parliament in the present day. He might have been a cipher in the House, but he would have never made a figure, for there was too great an anti-claptrapativeness in his whole nature, if one may coin a word;—and we don't see why one may not, provided one does it according to the rule laid down by Demetrius Phalerus, who requires that in coining a new word that first it be perspicuous, and next, that it be in the tone of the language, that we may not, as he terms it, introduce among Grecian vocables words that sound like Phrygian or Scythian; and *cœteris paribus*, as claptrap, the *thing* is most essentially Parliamentary in the year 1856, surely the compound explicative of ANTI-CLAPTRAPATIVENESS may be allowed.

When Mr. Phippen reached the little black garden gate of Hazeltree Cottage (a regular cottage gate, composed of some half-dozen perpendicular bars, with a long bar, for solidity's sake, going diagonally across the whole), he found that it opened inwards, as there were four steps to go

down into the garden—if such it could be called, seeing that it consisted of two square grass-plots, intersected by a flagged walk, with a large mulberry tree in the centre of one plot, and a standard greengage tree, more productive than ornamental, in the centre of the other; while at the further end stood the cottage, an old-fashioned, two-storied house, roofed with heart-shaped tiles, which were nearly covered—the chimneys being quite so—with ivy; while a vine shaded all the lower windows, underneath which the air was made balmy with double-stocks, cabbage-roses, mignionette, clove-pinks, wallflowers, pansies, and the usual treasures of a cottage *parterre*. A glass-door opened from the sitting-room, through which it was easy to see a vista, terminating in another glass-door opening into a *real* garden—that is, an old-fashioned cottage garden, without the slightest pretensions to taste or laying out, and containing far more fruit and vegetables than flowers, and even what few there were of the latter seemed to be scrambling hard for the little earth they could get among the peas and cabbages; but still they struggled on and out with unabated sweetness and luxuriance, totally regardless of the supercilious air with which many a portly burgomaster-looking quince and pear tree looked down upon them. When Mr. Phippen had proceeded half-way up the flagged walk, he deposited his basket of fruit

on the grass, and, leaning the knuckles of both hands on his hips, with the palms turned outwards, he stood still, and took a survey of the house.

"Well, come," said he aloud, "I don't at all dislike this; it is really a cottage, and a good, substantial, old-fashioned one too, fresh and airy, with a plentiful springy foliage all over the house, to catch every stray breeze and sunbeam that passes, on the distribution-of-labour plan of making them contribute their quota towards keeping the place cheerful." And, taking up his basket, he walked on and into the parlour to which the glass door belonged without meeting a soul.

"'Gad! its funny too; but it seems the fashion in this part of the world for people to get out of the way, and to leave their houses to take care of themselves."

And putting down his basket in a window seat, —for like all old-fashioned houses of that date (the time of George the Second), this room had window seats, and the window panes were small, in very thick solid frames, rounded or fan-shaped at the top,—having disencumbered himself of his package, he opened his glasses and took a survey of the room, the mantel-piece of which was high and carved into a pointed arch in the centre; on either side of it was a circular china closet, with glass doors, fan-shaped and set in heavy frames like the windows; the walls were ornamented with portrait-

prints, in plain black frames, of Mrs. Abinger, Mrs. Cibber, Miss Pope, Miss Farren (Lady Derby), as Lady Teazel; Mr. Garrick in Abel Drugger, and Mr. Foote as Sir Charles Easy, in "The Careless Husband." On an old fashioned card-table, folded up, between the window and the glass-door by which Mr. Phippen had entered, were a large Bible and Prayer Book, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Nelson's "Festivals and Fasts;" while by the side of the opposite half-open glass-door was a round mahogany three-legged table, with a fluted border round it, like those old wooden salvers of the same date. On this table was a quantity of plain-work, with a thimble and pair of scissors thrown upon it, as if the sempstress had just quitted it. There was a wainscoted and high surbase round the room, the wainscot in compartments, like a window-frame, and, though it had originally been very good oak, some Goth of a recent tenant had painted it white. Along this wainscot, in perpendicular array, like a brigade of heavy dragoons, were ranged a row of ponderous, horse-hair, high, square, mahogany-backed, lion-pawed, Johnsonian-looking chairs, like those in Church-street. But the window-curtains were of a lively old-fashioned chintz, of large bunches of carnations on a white ground, which had been washed till all the gloss, though not the brightness, of their colors had fled,

and these drew up and down by pullies from the side, the runners forming the draperies when they were raised. The carpet was a Brussels, considerably the worse for wear, of a large stiff octagon pattern, intersected with equally stiff wreaths and bouquets of apocryphal flowers, of which the pinks were very blue, and the blues very pink or amaranthine, while the greens and yellows seemed also, by mutual consent, to have changed colors. In the centre of the room was an oval table, with a snow-white cloth upon it, at one side of which figured a cold neck of roast lamb, and beside it a salad-bowl filled with undressed lettuces, crisp and fresh as possible; and on a plate beside it were a blushing, tender-looking beetroot, a cucumber, a few shives, four hard eggs, a jug of thick cream, and a bottle of Tarragon vinegar, with powdered sugar, and pepper and salt, ranged, like a guard of honor round them all, ready for dressing the salad; while at the other end of the table was one of those old-fashioned round wooden tea-trays, with a fluted salver border, upon which were ranged tea-cups and saucers; and filling up the rest of the table were different kinds of bread, from the substantial brown and white home-made to the more artificial fancy achievements of the baker's shop, and some delicious fresh-looking butter, taking a cold bath in a bright glass butter-cooler; and divers marmalades, one more tempting than the other, seemed to be

whispering sweet things to the different *Fornarinas*, in the shape of bread, around them.

"Well, 'pon my life!" said Mr. Phippen, taking up one of the tea-cups and examining it, "this looks very comfortable. I'm very glad I did not dine in town. 'Egad! one could eat one's grandfather with that salad, as they used to say about the *sauce Robert*, when I was a youngster, in Paris; and this *chaney* I like prodigiously!—it's so cosy, gay, and clean-looking."

And Mr. Phippen was quite right; for the cups were old Chelsea, fluted, the white ground looking rich and creamy, like well-made blancmange, while a pretty border of heath ran round them.

"But where can they all be? Not even that rascal Tim to meet me! 'Gad! I'll ring, but *not* the fire-bell, though!—ha! ha! ha! And no sooner said than done: Mr. Phippen *did* ring, and was proceeding, according to his old-established custom, to follow up the summons by going into the passage and screaming out "Sârah Nash!" when he suddenly checked himself, saying—

"No, 'Gad! I mustn't call, neither; I may disturb the poor old lady."

So he proceeded on a quiet voyage of discovery into the passage, spreading out his hands before him, although it was broad daylight, as he had been wont to do some five-and-forty years back, when pursuing at Christmas the contagious—that

is to say, catching—game of blind-man's-buff. At length, at the end of the by no means over large or over long passage, he came to a cream-colored door, with a latch to it, which he justly concluded belonged to the kitchen; so knocking at it, without, however awaiting the result of his appeal, he pressed down the latch and opened it, when he beheld *Sârah Nash* very busy ironing what, had he been a *pater-familias*, he would have known to be a woman's nightcap, but not being one, we have much pleasure in stating that he had not even a suspicion of what it was, any more than Tim, who sat blinking in the window-seat opposite Sarah, with his back up, forming an imitation of a little Alp, and to the full as good a one as Mr. Albert Smith's common-place puppet-show is of Mont Blanc, except that the *furs* of this one were much the most natural of the two.

"Why lawr! Mr. Phippen, Sir, that's never you, to be sure, come at last?" cried Sarah, pounding down the iron on its stand, as if it had burnt her, while Tim made but one bound from the window-seat, and ran mewing over to the new arrival, and rubbing his head against his ankles.

"And why not, pray, Sârah Nash? Who else do you think it is? But where is Mrs. Chatterton? And how is the old lady?

"Well, Sir, I think, of anythink, she's a little better to-day; but lawz, Sir, we've been expecting

on you ever since four o'clock, and Mrs. Chatterton was so frightened that she put on her bonnet, and she and Master Robert are gone to Brentford to meet you, least ways to look after you, Sir, fearing as you had quite lost your way, and not knowing whether you would come by the 'bus or how."

"Oh! so Yellow Shanks is at home, then?"

"Yes, Sir, his mar fetched him herself early this morning a purpose to see you."

"What an idea! to suppose that a boy ought, would, could, or should, thank one for sending him to school; but I say, Sárah Nash," added Mr. Phippen, looking round at the snug cheerful little kitchen, where everything was as bright as gold, just issued from the mint, "I say,"—and here he winked his right eye and placed his fore-finger at the right side of his nose—"better than Church Street, eh?"

"Lawr, Sir! never go for to name the *'orrid* place, for the very thoughts of it sets them 'ere black *beadles*, and Mrs. Pyke, and the spiders, and strange noises a-crawling all over me, to say no-think of the rats and mice, that was worse than any *Rooshuns* ever could be."

"Mew! mew!" chimed in Tim, who evidently thought, that to deal categorically with *that* part of the question, *he* ought to rise in reply, as (*àpropos* of rats) Mr. Disraeli in another house always

deems it judicious—query Jew-dish-us—to speak after Lord Palmerston."

"So, ho! Tim, my fine fellow; see if I haven't brought you wherewithal to win the heart of every tabby for ten miles round; at all events, to bear the bell in spite of them." And Mr. Phippen drew the red morocco collar from his pocket, and shook its little chime of fairy-like bells before the dazzled eyes of the admiring Sarah, who exclaimed, in a perfect extacy—

"Well, that *is* beautiful! to be sure. Oh! bless his heart," added she, seizing Tim, and hugging him previous to having a collar-day, and investing him with the Order of the Great Grimalkin.

"Oh! Sir, '*ave* you heard from the lady lately—I mean Mrs. Pemble, Sir?" asked Sarah, while adjusting Tim's finery.

"Yes; I had a letter from her last week, and she was quite well, and I think if this horrid war was only over, and that youngster of her's safe home, there would be money bid for her yet. 'Pon my life! that strip of red against the black is very becoming," said Mr. Phippen as he admiringly watched the progress of Tim's investment. "Why you look as smart, Tim, as if you were going to a 'dignity ball' in the West Indies."

But Tim raised a dissentient paw, and, no doubt, from his innate modesty, appeared exceedingly averse from having "greatness thrust upon him,"

and so made an abortive effort to collar the collar.

"'Egad!" said Mr. Phippen again looking round, and feeling that he was "monarch of all he surveyed," "considering it was a pig in a poke, and that I took this place from an advertisement, I don't think it so bad; but do Mrs. Chatterton and her mother like it? because, if they don't, it's easy to look out for something else, as I only took it for six months certain."

"Like it, Sir!" echoed Sarah, as if horrified at the heresy of such a question, "they say they never was so happy in their lives, that they are only too happy, and cannot believe they *are* alive, or, leastways, still in *this* here world to *be* so happy. And as for the old lady she's always a-saying, in spite of her rheumaticks, that if it was only to prevent your little finger a-aching, Sir, she's *sure* she could, or at least she *would*, walk to Jerusalem and back *agin;* and Mrs. Chatterton, *she* sets to and cries every time your name's mentioned, and tells Master Robert as he never *ort* hever to play at marbles without fust a-kneeling down and praying God to bless you, Sir; and it's only t'other day as ——"

"Come, come, Sârah Nash," interrupted Mr. Phippen, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners;' and I'm afraid, since I have drafted you off into the country, you have been associating

too much with jackdaws and magpies, and have taken to follow suit and chatter like them, while I'm as hungry as a hawk, and should like prodigiously to pounce upon that nice cold lamb I saw in the next room." And so saying, he walked out of the kitchen, followed by Sarah and Tim, the former begging of him to sit down and begin eating immediately, and not wait for Mrs. Chatterton, and Tim rubbing his head furiously against his old familiar friends the Hessians, and making loud complaints against his ornamental fetter, and ringing the changes upon every plaint he uttered. But Mr. Phippen was far too naturally well bred to commit such a solecism in the *bienséances* of life as to begin the feast before the hostess arrived; so he turned to the china-closets, and began speculating upon the fates of the past generations to whose now skeleton lips those delicate five-clawed dragon and egg-shell china cups had been raised, but more especially on the punch-bowls, which, he had no doubt, had once not only been filled with a choice spirit themselves, but had contributed to the concoction of many other choice spirits, whose racy quips and cranks still echoed, albeit somewhat more faintly and flatly, through the world.

"'Pon my life!" thought he, "punch and sack are a loss, for patriotism and sincerity seem to have gone out with them."

But as he mused, two shadows of unequal length fell across the dingy flower-show of the faded Brussels carpet; and in looking for the substance he saw a lady in weeds, accompanied by a Blue-coat boy of about ten years old, coming hastily up the flagged walk of the front garden.

"'Egad! here they are!" cried Mr. Phippen, as he went to the door to meet them. "Well, how d'ye do, my dear? Positively you look twenty years younger already for this mouthful of country air! And how are *you*, Bob? Famous things those crocus stockings, aren't they? As good as seven-leagued boots for walking home in, eh, Bob?" And Mr. Phippen winked in a scampish sort of manner, as much as to say, "This is entirely a piece of secret history between *you* and me, Bob, that your mother need not know anything about."

But while Bob smiled, blushed, shewed the dimples in both his cheeks, hung his head, and seemed to be practising a pantomimic course of tooth-drawing upon the tassel of his soup-plate cap, which he had doffed to Mr. Phippen, his mother began a speech of thanks for her happy home, and apologies for being absent on her benefactor's arrival, but broke down at the very onset, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Well, 'egad! I suppose I *must* be angry with

you for not being here when I came, on the same principle as Lady Trueman, in the old play of 'The Drummer,' which, I dare say, you never heard of, for it was long before your time, and, indeed, before mine, except in the way of reading;—but she says, on a similar occasion, "How could you be so cruel as to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some minutes of happiness which ought to have been in it.' So on *that* account, and that account *only*, I have reason to reproach you. But they say men's hearts are situated exactly midway between their pockets and their stomachs, and when *I* look at all the good things you have provided for me, and when *you* see the appetite I have brought with me to do them justice, I think you will find there does not remain any great matter of unbalanced accounts to settle between us. Ho! Sârah Nash! don't fly off and go disappearing there among the roses, as Cerito does in the ballet, but come and cut the osier that secures this basket; for my dear," added he, turning to Mrs. Chatterton, "I have brought your mother a few grapes and strawberries; and as for the apricots, I've no doubt Bob will be able to help us out with *them* and the oranges."

"Oh, Sir! where *will* your kindness end? So constant! so considerate! so—"

"Nonsense, my dear; make the salad, and pray let your thanks end when my dinner begins, as you value my digestion."

"Dear me! have you not dined, Sir? I wish I had known that, and you should have had something hot."

"Then you might have eaten it yourself, for had you circumnavigated the globe—as Swift said must be done, before a washerwoman can go to breakfast—you could not have got me what I liked better; for like Mrs. Siddons, if I *have* a weakness, it is for cold lamb and salad."

Mrs. Chatterton smiled, took off her bonnet and proceeded to make the salad as Mr. Phippen himself had taught her how to do; for like all persons who are *not* incomplete, and who, therefore, *have* a palate as well as an appetite, he was a little bit of a *gourmand*, though not the least of a *gourmet*, as he seldom exceeded three glasses of wine; and so he was wont to observe that the art in cooking, like art in everything else, consisted in not letting it be perceptible in *what* the art consisted. And to this we beg to append an aphorism of our own, the result of long experience and deep research, namely, that sugar, salt, and onion, the trismegistus of the culinary arcana *cana*, are when properly, that is skilfully employed as condiments to flavour, what tact is to manner; and that is an unsuspected cause of a charming result.

And now for the salad-maker. She was not pretty, though perhaps like Sterne's Eliza, "she was something more." Three-and-thirty years of gnawing work-a-day struggles had passed over her, culminating in a great sorrow, namely, the loss of her husband, Robert Chatterton, a Bristol mechanic and a collateral descendant of the ill-fated "wondrous boy," Thomas Chatterton, inasmuch as that he was his father, the sexton of Redcliffe's, great-grand-nephew. But this great sorrow had done for Robert Chatterton's widow what moonlight does for architectural ruins, and given to her ordinary and homely features a touch of that diviner light which radiates a halo round beauty, and lends a beauty to what otherwise has none. Mr. Phippen had met with her by chance one fine, or rather one very rainy, morning, that his heart was taking its constitutional ride upon his hobby; for all men *have* hobbies, only with a difference—as with some it is horses, with others pictures, others coins, old books, bronzes, china, and other objects of *vertú*, while with others again, it is vice successfully varnished by hypocrisy, or theoretical and verbal morality, which never deviates into the vulgar demonstrativeness of action. But Philip Phippen's hobby differed from all these, for his was light hearts and happy faces, and his immense wealth (he being a man of few or no personal expenses) was devoted to acquiring

perhaps the largest collection in Europe of these rarities, so little sought after in this utilitarian age of solemn shams and political *acrobates;* and so one morning that he was at Ludlam's, in Piccadilly, ordering some shirts and flannel waistcoats, Mrs. Chatterton came in, looking more like the shadow of one of her own thread-papers than a corporeal being of flesh and blood, and from out the mass of shabby weeds (for which Mr. Phippen had made way with as much of his old-school deferential gallantry as if they had been the bugled sables of a peeress), and in a low and humble tone there came a voice requesting to know if Mr. Ludlam was in want of "*any hands.*" but, from the supercilious tone in which the shopman replied "Oh, dear no! Mr. Ludlam is overstocked already," one would think that female Briareuses were alone employed in *that* establishment. So apologising, with a deep sigh, the widow walked out of the shop; but not alone, for at a short distance followed Mr. Phippen, and the rain, descending in torrents about ten minutes after the chase had commenced, gave him an opportunity of stepping up to her and saying—

"Allow me, ma'am, to offer you a part of my umbrella?"

"Oh, Sir, you are very good!" blushed and stammered the astounded Mrs. Chatterton, at such unwonted courtesy in the streets of London to a

half-starved mechanic's widow in shabby black; "but I have nothing on that can spoil."

"Nonsense, Ma'am! I suppose you have your lungs on, and if they are spoilt it is not so easy to repair them or to get new ones; but, I beg your pardon, the offer of my umbrella was a mere pretext. I wanted to ask you about some business of my own." And so saying, Mr. Phippen resolutely hoisted our old friend the brown gingham, and established himself as walking-gentleman beside the widow. "The fact is, ma'am," continued he, "I heard you inquiring just now at Ludlam's if they wanted any work done? It seems *they didn't*, but *I do*. Haven't a shirt to my back, ma'am, or rather a back to my shirts; they all, every one of them, want something doing to them, though, 'egad! I believe the shortest way and the best plan will be to have a set of new ones at once. Eh! don't you think so, ma'am?"—and here he looked full in her face, as if he quite expected that she should reverse the state of affairs between Sir Roger de Coverley and *his* widow, and give him, Mr. Phippen, "a whole coal mine to keep him in clean linen."

"I have no doubt, Sir," said Mrs. Chatterton modestly, "I shall be able to repair your linen if it is not too far gone;" as if she dreaded appearing *too* ambitious were she to grasp at the golden offer of making a set of new shirts.

"No, no; I've made up my mind, I'll have new ones, but I must explain to you how I like them made. There is a great deal of *talk* just now about the right man in the right place; but, 'egad! as far as shirts go, there's nothing like having the right slopes, and gussets, and buttons, and all the other *gigomarees* in the right place." And with similar agreeable and technical discourse Mr. Phippen beguiled the way till they arrived at a dismal court off St. Martin's Lane, where the color mounted up into the poor widow's pale face as she said, seeing that her companion was about to follow her up the pointed, creaking, sanded stairs that lead to *her room*—

"No, Sir, if you please not; my place is *not* fit for you to come into, and it's at the very top of the house. But I'll wait upon you, Sir, at any hour if you'll tell me where; returning you a thousand thanks for employing me, and, indeed, Sir, if you knew but all it *is* a charity;" and two large tears, more at her good fortune in having found employment than grief at her past want of it, rolled down her cheeks.

"'Gad! I'm tired; so I hope you'll let me come up and rest a little?"

"Why, Sir, really," still hesitated the widow, "our place is *not* fit for a gentleman like you to come into; and—and—my poor mother, who is a martyr to the rheumatism, is in bed."

"Well what of that? Do you know I'm a bit of a doctor in my way, and I dare say I shall be able to prescribe something for her that may relieve her."

Mrs. Chatterton made no further opposition, and accordingly preceded him up the creaking stairs to the very last story, amid that nosaic of unsavoury odours peculiar to town poverty in its aggravated forms, from the poisonous bad tobacco of the artizan, and the vapour of his *missus's* birch-broom Bohea and molasses sugar, down to the fainter, but by no means less offensive, atmospheric effluvia *en permanence* of cats, apples, and children.

Upon opening the door of this garret, a feeble voice from the bed, between the parentheses of a short, dry, hollow cough, said—

"Dear heart, Jenny, I thought you'd never come back; and there's Bob crying his eyes out because poor Billy is dead. But as I tell him we shall soon follow the poor bird if this goes on much longer."

And hearing the sound of loud sobs above the old woman's cough, Mr. Phippen turned his eyes to the window of this shelving room, and, sitting under it on the floor, saw a pale emaciated-looking boy, between nine and ten, with an empty bird-cage beside him, a piece of withered groundsel hanging between the bars, and a few husks of seed strewing the floor of the cage, while its late occu-

pant lay stiff and cold on the child's lap, who, with two old match-boxes and a knife, was endeavouring to fashion a coffin for the poor little canary, whose emancipation from its narrow and gloomy prison he was lamenting so bitterly.

"Hush, mother! here is a good gentleman who is going to give me a set of shirts to make," said Mrs. Chatterton, approaching the bed, and lowering the miserable, flimsy, patched, blue curtain so as in some degree to shade the occupant of the bed from appearing in too bold relief before the visitor.

"Don't disturb yourself, my good woman," said the latter, seating himself very unceremoniously on the old rush-bottomed chair beside the bed. "I don't like that cough of yours. Not *dangerous*, but, like many people who may not be exactly dangerous, it's troublesome. Let me feel your pulse, and I'll see if I can't give you something to check it."

And the old woman held out her skinny hand to this new *Médecin malgré lui* with a "GOD bless you, Sir! I'm sure you're very good."

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Mr. Phippen, with an air of fiatical importance and professional wisdom that would not have discredited the whole College of Physicians, had they been all stacked into unanimity under that ONE bay wig of his; "I think we shall soon be able to get this under."

And tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote on it the only things he dared venture to prescribe medicinally, which were a bottle of syrup of squills and some Tilou lozenges, adding, as a codicil to these, "and plenty of mutton broth, with the meat in it, three times a day." Within which prescription he placed a five-pound note, and rolled it all up ready to give "*his friend the widow*," as in his own mind he called her, when he should go away; and his next task was to console Bob for the loss of his canary, which he did first by promising him another, which appeared only to increase the poor child's grief, by making light, as it were, of his affection for his departed friend. Finding this to be the case, Mr. Phippen changed the *venue*, and told him how much happier the poor bird was, dead and at rest, than beating his wings against the bars of his cage in such a gloomy and un-sunned atmosphere; and then he went on to ask the boy if he thought *he* should be able to run the faster if he had stockings as yellow, aye, and for that matter, much yellower, than poor Billy's wings? And so, gradually, he began to interest the child's attention, and ultimately to inflame his imagination with the glories of becoming a member of Christ's Hospital; while, amid the grateful tears of the mother and grandmother, he elicited from them that they were fellow-townswomen of his, and at part of their

narrative he became greatly excited, as it became patent that they were near relations of a person who had once done him a grievous injury. Well, what of that? It was no fault of *theirs;* and even if it had been, Philip Phippen had but one way of balancing such accounts, and that was by the Gospel double-entry of returning good for evil. But he preserved a discreet silence touching his own antecedents, merely telling these poor women that he had once been very intimate with a part of their family, and therefore that on the score of old friendship they had a *right* to his services; and shortly after he rose to depart, apparently much agitated, but promising to see them again on the following day, and pressing the *prescription* into Mrs. Chatterton's hand as he wished her good bye.

"Eh! and about the shirts, Sir?" inquired she, following him to the head of the stairs.

"Oh! ah! yes! About the shirts. Very true. I had forgotten all about them. We'll settle that to-morrow." And with another "Good day, my dear," Mr. Phippen hurried down stairs.

But before that day week Robert Chatterton was placed on the foundation of Christ's Hospital, of which Mr. Phippen was a governor; and Mrs. Chatterton and her mother removed to a nice cottage in Surrey. And this was just about the time he had intimated his intention to Mrs. Pemble of transplanting Tim and *Sârah* Nash, and after he

had done so the discomforts of the lodging in Church-street having no longer any attractions for him, he took up his quarters in a more central position—namely, at the Blenheim Hotel, in Bond-street. The cottage in Surrey, however, proving, after a few months residence, too damp for the old lady's rheumatism, he begged they would not scruple to look out for another abode, which they had the means of doing, as he had settled one hundred pounds a year on each of them for their life, and whichever died first, her hundred pounds was to revert to the survivor; for, as he was wont quaintly to express it, "If you pretend to serve people, what *is* the use of doling them out a piece of bread for their breakfast, and saying *if* you *want* another slice for your dinner, which of course they will, ask me for it?—which most likely they *won't;* so if you have any sincerity in your intentions it is better to give them the loaf at once, and let them help themselves as their wants arise, without saddling a fresh obligation upon them for every additional crumb." However, finding they did *not* remove from the cottage in which he had first settled them, and which to them, indeed, appeared, by comparison, a perfect Paradise, he, seeing Hazeltree Cottage advertised and set forth very attractively in the advertisement, had taken it for them, merely sending "*Sârah Nash*" down to verify the likeness between the reality and the

description, and, her report having been favorable, he immediately concluded the bargain, and his *protégées* had been now established there about three weeks; but until the present occasion, from a press of business, he had never been able to go so far to pay them a visit. And thus it was that Philip Phippen had become acquainted with Mrs. Chatterton and her mother. No wonder, then, that Tuesday, the 29th of May, 1855, was a great day at Hazeltree Cottage, and that the sun that morning, as he peeped through its ivy-shaded windows, and through the vapour-shrouded ones of the dormitory of Christ's Hospital, woke up faces almost as beaming as his own!

Now as Mr. Phippen studiously avoided speaking to Mrs. Chatterton or her mother of their relations, which appeared to be as disagreeable a subject to them as it was to him, he often expatiated, with as much bitter indignation as if he were still suffering and perishing in the next street, upon the miserable fate of poor Thomas Chatterton. As a poet and a genius, he might, indeed, have ignored his existence; for, except Shakespear, whom, as a constant play-goer of half a century, he knew by heart and often quoted, saying "'Gad! he had felt it and seen it all, over and over again, only Shakespear expressed everything that was going on in the world within and the world without, so much better than he could;"

but Chatterton, as a denizen of the vast republic of misery, not to know would have been almost like an historian being ignorant of some remarkable event or epoch in history. Moreover, this page of the past did admirably to turn to whenever Mr. Phippen wanted to ward off any grateful speeches from the present owner of that ill-fated name, upon whom poor Chatterton's mantle of misery had descended, and upon whom it might have rested for ever but for the Samaritan of Threadneedle-street.

"'Pon my life, my dear, you have improved," said Mr. Phippen, passing sentence on the salad, and hastily raising his napkin, which he always tucked through one button-hole, and drawing it across his lips, in order to do so, "for it's not like any man or woman that ever lived; and do you know why?"

"No, I do not," smiled Mrs. Chatterton, "only if it's not like *you* either, Sir, I'm sure it can't be good."

"Not more like me than any of the rest; for it hasn't a fault; that's what I mean."

"Then, after all, it *is* like you, Sir."

"Come no flattery, if you please. It is a thing that I especially detest, and, therefore, never give or take. Besides, what do you mean, you hussy, by comparing *me* to a salad? A salad's *green;* and 'gad, I'd have you to know that forty years passed

in Threadneedle Street would take the verdure even out of an American prairie !"

Tim, who had been curled up under the table, making a pillow of one of Mr. Phippen's feet, having his attention suddenly attracted by a martlet flying out of a cherry-tree past the garden window up into one of the ivy-crowned chimneys, now made a sudden spring across the room; and, like the old lady of nursery anthology in her celebrated equestrian excursion to Banbury Cross, being provided with the means of accompanying himself with music in his progress, he, in his turn, attracted not only the attention but the admiration of the Blue-coat boy—

"Oh! mother," cried he, "just look at Tim. What a beautiful collar he's got, with bells to it and all!"

"He *is* smart indeed. Ah! Sir, you are as kind to animals as you are to human beings."

"Well, suppose I am. Nine times out of ten they deserve it better. Animals, that is, quadrupeds, are innocent excellent people, particularly dogs and donkeys. 'Gad, I suppose it's what may be called a *fellow feeling*, but I never see a donkey that my heart don't warm to it, and I should like suddenly to sprout into thistles, so as to give *them* a salad—poor, patient, innocent, put-upon things—as agreeable as the one you have given me. Strange that the two animals in the creation most honored by

the Creator should be the most oppressed by man; for honored they were when our Saviour deigned to be born of woman, and to enter Jerusalem on an ass. But had you women less of the ass in you—that is, less patience and passive endurance—we self-elected lords of the creation could *not* oppress you as we do. But people never are helped till they help themselves, nor pitied till they feel for themselves; and 'gad! as a sex, you only know how to *complain.* And until you are *unanimous* in enforcing some slight justice and protection from the legislature, instead of being split into factions of the silly and the selfish, who, not suffering *individually*, care not how much their sex may suffer collectively, you are leaving the field clear for the vicious and tyrannical of ours, in the interest of whose vices it is to keep the iniquitous laws for grinding wives as they are, and continuing to crucify women as St. Peter was crucified, *with their heads downwards.*"

"Indeed, what you say is only too true, Sir; and it is this aggregate of silly selfish women who do the cause such dreadful injury, such being, for the most part, as profligate as the men. Like them, they care not how oppressive and unjust the laws may be against *them as a sex*, since *they* are in the position of smugglers, to whom the exorbitance of the excise and custom duty is nothing, since it does not effect *their* illicit dealings; on the contrary, the

imposts that press so heavily upon the honest and conscientious portion of the community is all so much additional gain to those who infringe them."

"Mother, *do* look at Tim's collar and the bells!" urged Robert Chatterton, who had succeeded in catching that gentleman, and now laid him on his mother's lap.

"Yes, beautiful indeed," said she, stroking the cat's head, who purred his thanks in a deep contralto. "It reminds me"—and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke—"of a collar an uncle of mine gave me for a cat I had when I was a little girl."

"What uncle, mother?" asked the boy.

"He's dead now."

"And where's the collar? *I* never saw it."

"No, I'm sorry to say I used to leave it tossing about, and at last it was stolen; and when I had lost it, I *was so* sorry!—and to this day I keep reproaching myself for not having taken more care of it."

"Ah! there it is, as Shakespear says in 'Much Ado About Nothing':

> 'It so falls out
> That what we have we prize not to the worth
> Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,
> Why, *then* we rack the value; *then* we find
> The virtue that possession would not shew us
> Whilst it was ours.'

'Gad! it's wonderful how that man knew everything! I only wish he could come, like the

ghost in Hamlet, and give us some tidings of the *other* world."

But seeing that Mrs. Chatterton's tears now began to flow in good earnest, he added, somewhat *àpropos de bottes*—

"Do you know what I never can understand about that poor boy Chatterton?—which is, why the deuce, when his poems were so good, and would have done him such credit *as his*, that he should go and toady an old dead monk by fathering them upon him?—a fellow who, however well versed he might have been in Pasties and Hippocrass, probably knew nothing of Poetry or Hippocrene."

No wonder Mr. Phippen could *not* understand it; but doubtless poor Chatterton, with that prescience, possessed, more or less, by all whose passport is made out for an early return to the realms of light, knew even in *his* day (though *then* there was no Literary Inquisition, like "the *Guilt* of Literature," for breaking on the wheel all *uncliqued* talent, or no maëlstrom of milk-and-water, like its chief tool, "the New Quarterly," ready at a moment's notice to direct "to immortality" some ultra-inane Dickens-and-ditch-water imitations, or "to the lowest *oubliette* of '*the Guilt*'" one of its predestined victims—*neither*, on that very account, being likely to reach their allotted destinations)—still, it may be fairly

presumed that by intuition Chatterton knew the English world too well, more especially the literary world, not to feel that genius in a garret had no chance, except the one amounting almost to a certainty, of being kept there by the barriers of neglect at least, if not by the pikes of persecution; whereas dead men's fames clash with no living petty spites or paltry pushings, and, moreover, it looks learned, and gives room for logomachy—always a desideratum among critics (?) So poor Chatterton borrowed the monk's hood to hoodwink them, and perhaps also—who knows?—to give a plethoric air to his own starvation, and so lay a trap for bread, instead of stones—knowing how *literally*, though, albeit, somewhat profanely, the well-fed portion of the world act upon the Gospel principle, and take care that *to* those who have much, much shall be given, while *from* those who have nothing, shall be taken even that which they seem to have.

"But one of the most melancholy things to me in that poor young fellow's fate," continued Mr. Phippen, "is the idea of the posthumous subscriptions that Southey and Cottle got up to publish his works for the benefit of his starving sister (though it was very good of *them*, I'm not saying it was not); still when one thinks that had that poor boy had *half* even of *one* of those hundreds during *his* miserable struggle it might have prevented its fearful

termination. 'Gad! I think if I had been Mrs. Newton I *would* have starved before I could have eaten a shilling of it, for, all said and done, it *was* blood money."

"Ah! Sir, she had a daughter," was the widow's only defence of her husband's relative.

"'Gad! I forgot that; yes, I see, she couldn't help taking it, but it was a pity too."

And this was as explicit a way of owning himself vanquished as if Mr. Phippen had lowered his arms at a tournament, or said, "I give in" at a prize-fight. But in order to cover his retreat as well as possible, he added—

"Now, my dear, give me a cup of your good tea."

"No wine, Sir? You need not be afraid of it, for like all else in the house, it's your own that you gave us; and there is some very good home-brewed beer, not brewed by *us*, but I know that it *is* home-brewed, as we get it from a farm house."

"Neither thank you, for I, foolishly, took my allowance *before* dinner. I'm glad you don't find me 'drunk and disorderly,' for, to ask my way to this place, I turned into one of those taverns where *everything* is ordered 'to be *drunk* on the premises,' and, therefore, I suppose *everybody* is *expected* to be so too; it was up yonder, at 'The Four Alls,' Mr. Levens's—a very honest man apparently, with a pedigree as long as my arm, of psalmody, shaving,

bailiffs, bassoons, free-masonry, and French-horns. And, 'egad! I set the poor people's house on fire for 'em."

And Mr. Phippen laid down his knife and fork, and laughed till the tears came into his eyes as he recalled the *tableau* of little, fat, round, Mrs. Levens, kicking and struggling in poor, long, thin Tom Levens' arms, which was all the world, as he afterwards explained to Mrs. Chatterton, like an obstreperous and suddenly galvanized round of beef trying to free itself from the skewer that upheld it.

"Set their house on fire, Sir!" echoed the widow, looking aghast.

"No, my dear, not quite so bad as *that;* but this was the way of it," and as soon as he could sufficiently master his laughter (which now that he was not afraid of offending any one, kept exploding every five minutes like little preliminary eruptions of Vesuvius) he gave her the whole *scéna*, from his arrival at "The Four Alls" till his departure, also elucidating, by explanatory notes, Mr. Levens' pedigree, which, in his former cursory mode of merely alluding to it as a *fait accompli*, had considerably mystified her.

While they were all three laughing over this episode, and Bob more especially lamenting that he had not been there to see Mrs. Levens during her high state of excitement, when she was

converting her son into a fire-escape, Sarah came in with the old lady's grateful thanks to Mr. Phippen for the grapes and strawberries, and a large cup to take her up some tea.

"Sârah Nash!" said Mr. Phippen, "I hope you don't forget the Chinese way I taught you of telling what o'clock it is by the cat's eyes, for you must be sure and let me know when it wants a quarter to nine, in case I should forget to look at my watch?"

"Very well, Sir; I'll be sure to let you know."

"Mother, may I have this bit of bread for the birds?—for I hear the nightingales beginning now," said Robert.

"Yes, dear."

"That's right. Good boy! Always feed the birds, and you are doubly bound to do so *now* that you are yourself a yellow-hammer."

"Oh! I've got such a pretty poem about an old man, who, when he died, left a legacy to feed the birds," said the boy, venturing to approach his benefactor, and summoning additional courage to look up in his face; for, though he loved him dearly, his mother had held him up, not only as *the* being *par excellence*, to be always first in his prayers, but she had also enlarged upon Iago's idea, with reference to Othello and himself,* and taught

* "He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly——."

her son to think that that kind old man had indeed

> "A daily beauty in his life,
> That made all others ugly."

Nor was she far wrong; so that the child's love was tempered with a sort of awe, such as a good Catholic might feel for his patron saint.

"*Have* you, my boy?" said Mr. Phippen, patting his head.

"Shew it to Mr. Phippen, dear. I'm sure he will be glad to see it; for it was his prize, Sir, for history and general good conduct."

And away went Bob to the farther china-closet, and returned with his fine green-and-gold volume of Longfellow, and, blushing up to his ears to think how he was proclaiming his own honors, he turned over the leaves until he came to that charming Legend of Wurtzburg, which Longfellow has so exquisitely versified, and pointed to the lines where Vogelweide, the minnesinger of its cathedral, dying—

> ——"Gave the monks his treasures;
> Gave them all with this behest,
> They should feed the birds at noontide,
> Daily on his place of rest."

"Poor fellow!" cried Mr. Phippen, "may he rest all the better for it in his narrow bed." But when he read on to where the portly abbot put his veto against the poor little aerial choristers'

heritage as wanton waste, and how they, poor pilgrims, came—

> ——"In vain o'er tower and turret,
> From the walls and woodland nests,
> When the minster bells rang noontide,
> Gather'd the unwelcome guests,"

he closed the book, and, shaking it as vehemently as if it had been the utilitarian abbot's neck, said—

"'Egad, Bob! I only wish we had that rascally abbot here! And if he *must* thwart and annoy the poor birds and rob them of their rights, it should be as a scarecrow; for you and I would hang him up to the highest cherry-tree we could find, wouldn't we?"

"That we would!" cried Bob, clapping his hands, in great delight at the mental panorama before him of a fat abbot dangling as a chatelaine from a cherry-tree."

"'Pon my life! this seems very pretty poetry though; not that I'm a judge," said Mr. Phippen, as he again opened the volume and looked through it. "I'm surprised! for I thought the Yankees thought of nothing but

> 'Dimes and dollars,
> Dollars and dimes;'

and that in America as in England

> 'An empty purse was the worst of crimes.'

'Gad! I'll buy this book."

Bob looked eagerly at his mother. The look was as legible as his own best copper-plate hand; so that she instantly, *viâ* the same electric telegraph, nodded a double assent.

"Oh, Sir!" said the boy, now really redder than the cherries on the tree from which they should like to have hung the utilitarian abbot, "if you would accept this one, I should be *so* glad!"

"What, my boy—your prize-book?"

"Oh, yes, Sir! I only wish it was something better or something more."

"Well, I *will* accept it, and shall value it doubly, to think that my little yellow-hammer was so good that he won Longfellow when he was only a short fellow! So that is the long and the short of it, Bob," said Mr. Phippen, as he transferred the volume to his pocket; and Bob, who thought this a rare jest, felt so buoyant that he was convinced, had he only put the tips of his feet to the ground, and *willed* it, he could, as one does in a dream, have flown back to Christ's Hospital, and told all the boys in his class of the great honor that his prize-book had come to! And even Tim seemed to be thinking something of the same marvellous and magical sort, as at that moment he scratched his ear, and shook out such a peal upon his bells as must for life have deafened any stray flea then invading him; to say

nothing of bells being considered all the world over, from Fairyland to Finland, as *the* most infallible mediums for adjuring or conjuring supernatural agencies. And as the twilight deepened, and the moonlight came tripping through the leaves in little fugitive rays, that seemed, as Bob said, as if they were playing at puss-in-the-corner all over the room—now here, now there, and never remaining anywhere—he grew much braver, and stood up much closer to Mr. Phippen, and even took very great liberties, in prying into *his* boyish pursuits, and making black-letter researches into the aboriginal games of leap-frog, marbles, trap-ball, snap-dragon, peg-topism, and other similar dissipations, and ultimately both felt and expressed much surprise at hearing that all and each of them had, like the Chinese people (in their own estimation), attained to perfection so many years ago, and consequently had never varied since. And so the time passed, till Sarah appeared to warn Mr. Phippen that it wanted a quarter to nine, when, with his usual punctuality, he instantly rose to depart; but the widow and her son asked leave to accompany him down the lane, as far as to where the cab was waiting for him.

"'Gad! that's very good of you! and I'm sure I'm extremely obleeged to you for your hospitable reception. I don't know when I've passed a

pleasanter time. I'll come and see you soon again—that is, as soon as I can get away; and, do you know, I like this little, quaint, old-fashioned nook ten times better than that new, staring, brown brick affair at Esher, which, somehow or other, always gave me the idea of a red-haired man with his eye-lashes cut off. Good bye, Sârah Nash!" added he, turning to that nymph, who was opening the gate.

"Good bye, Sir; and will you *please* Sir give my duty to Mrs. Pemble when you writes?"

"Very good, that I'll do. Tim! good night, old fellow; and don't forget that—

> "Fat of snails, and marrow of mice,
> Make a dish that's wondrous nice,"

sang Mr. Phippen to Bob's infinite amusement, as the former took off his hat to Tim, who was now in Sarah's arms, and who "mewed" his adieux in return.

"'Pon my life! this is delicious!" cried Mr. Phippen, stopping before they had gone twenty yards, and inhaling a long respiration of the thousand perfumes from leaf and flower that the evening air was distilling, breaking off at the same time a branch of woodbine out of the hedge, which, indeed, invited him to do so, by touching his cheek as he passed, and flipping a tolerable sprinkling of dew over him; and then he looked up into the

clear sky, with its young crescent moon and little vibrating white clouds, through which every now and then some star would flash like a stolen glance."

"Well, it's surprising to me," said he, withdrawing his eyes from the Heavens, and uttering his thoughts aloud, "that people don't take a little more trouble to get there."

"Oh! Sir, when you come down here again," said Robert Chatterton, "may I not come, too?"

"Well, I don't exactly know how *that* will be, Bob, as I cannot *fix* a time for coming again. Dear me, there's the cab. I'm sorry we have no farther to go; but, bless me, Bob, I was nearly committing a terrible over-sight. You know you were asking me just now about school-games and *customs* in *my* time; and there was I, very nearly forgetting *the* most time-honored and popular of them all."

"Indeed, Sir!" cried the boy, getting still closer to him, while his eyes dilated in the moon-light, thinking he was at last going to hear something new, or at least not known there, to carry back to school with him.

"Why, yes; wasn't that too bad? However a little giddiness is excusable in young fellows like me. It is this. You must know, Bob, that in *my* time, whenever youngsters came home from school, or elders went there to see them, it was always a matter of course (and, indeed, I've been credibly

informed that the custom still exists) that the said elders should give the said youngsters a tip."

And Bob laughed as, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Phippen put a nice, new, bright, double sovereign into his hand.

"Oh! no, indeed, Sir, thank you; he does not want it," said Mrs. Chatterton, "and I can give him whatever he *does* want."

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Phippen, playfully placing his hand before her mouth; "only consider if any utilitarian member for Farthingfudge, or Screwemalltight, should be going by on the top of a Turnham-green omnibus, we should have him bringing in a bill to that effect next session, entitled 'The Codgers' Tip Protection Bill.' Well, good night; GOD bless you, my dear. Good bye, Bob, and mind you get as many prizes as you can, that *I* may continue in your good books, though, 'gad! I don't mean to rob you of them *all* as I did to-day." And so saying, and shaking both mother and son cordially by the hand, he got into the cab, which drove off, but it had not proceeded far before the cabman pulled up suddenly.

"What's the matter?" asked his fare; but instead of answering him the man ran a little way back to some one who was calling him, but presently returned handing in a silk pockethandkerchief.

"It's your *handkitcher* if you please, Sir, as you

dropped, and your lady picked it up and was a calling arter us with it, that's all."

"*My Lady*, indeed!" echoed Mr. Phippen as he threw himself back into a corner of the cab, which now made another start, and this time an effectual one.

CHAPTER V.

The little great World of London. The Baronet's Dinner. The fine people Mr. Phippen finds himself amongst, without being, in fine, much elated thereat.

THERE is not much room for description in the costume of even the most elaborately-got-up modern *elégant;* consequently there is, of course, still less in the toilet of Mr. Phippen upon the day that he was to dine at Sir Titaniferous Thompson's; so that it may be briefly summed up as a particularly *soigné* specimen of the florid Gothic. *The* flowered black satin waistcoat, the "*very tasty thing*" with which he had so maliciously tried the nerves of the bran-new baronet on the previous day in Threadneedle-street, *was* in requisition, but only modestly in the background, under a white one of

the most dazzling freshness; for, unknown to himself, Mr. Phippen was a disciple of Brummel's, and the great theory of his dress, on all occasions practically carried out, was, "plenty of clean linen, country washing, and no perfumes." Still, as he had a vague idea that the latter were *de rigeur* on great occasions, he had sent to Smith's for a half-guinea bottle of their really fragrant lavender-water, as he did not even suspect the existence of any other perfume, with the exception of attar of rose, which, like genius, is pleasant enough at a distance, but exceedingly oppressive and disagreeable when too near. And the lavender-water being opened, some of it was duly poured upon a cambric handkerchief of a curiously fine texture.

"'Pon my life, that's pleasant!" said Mr. Phippen, waving the perfumed cambric like an *oriflamme* through the room; "but not equal to the hedges in Hazeltree-lane, though."

And with this soliloquy, and the kerchief consigned to his pocket, Mr. Phippen's toilet was completed. Moreover, his carriage (for he had one—a Clarence) was at the door; but his having a carriage at all was only the result of his having an opera-box, he being passionately fond of music; and whenever he lent his box to ladies, he invariably placed his carriage at their disposal also, but with *job* horses; for, as he himself said—

"What would be the use of his keeping horses? He should be always lending them, and, 'gad! the poor animals would be driven off their feet; for nothing knocked up horses like shopping, balls, concerts, reviews, horticultural fêtes, &c., &c.; it was worse than hunting, or even posting, fifty times!" And so the Clarence remained at a livery-stable in Bruton-street, where they gave him very good horses when he wanted them, and also supplied him with an exceedingly respectable-looking coachman and footman, who looked as well in his quiet dark-green livery as if they were in the habit of donning it every day.

Mr. Phippen being dressed, eight o'clock having struck, and the carriage having been announced by the waiter, what did he mean by ensconcing himself in an easy chair, and setting in for "the leading article" of "The Times?" Why, to shew his knowledge of some, at least, of the usages of "good society" (?)—one of which consisted in the bad manners and ill-breeding of keeping people waiting when they ask you to dinner; and so he thought he would re-assure his host that he was not *quite* such a Goth as he might think him, but could, when he chose it, be as impertinent as the best of them; so, leaving him in more agreeable and profitable society than any he is likely to meet with—to wit, the aforesaid leading article—we will precede him to Hyde Park Place, and enter at

once with our Asmodeus-privilege of authorship. The exterior of the house (my Lord Dunnington's, which Sir Titaniferous Thompson rented) we have already described in a former chapter. It is the received opinion, that when a woman marries she ought to approximate herself, her feelings, her tastes, her bearing, her habits—in short, her whole being—to the sphere and nature of her husband—which, like all other received opinions, makes no clause or provision for exceptional cases which occur, more or less, in all general conditions, and consequently does not recollect what a terrible abyss such an approximation and elasticity of character might plunge some women into! However, when Lady Georgiana Giraffe (*who, par parenthèse*, was one of the most common-place of the common-place) bestowed her hand and title by courtesy on Sir Titaniferous Thompson, she seemed so entirely of this opinion that she plunged so suddenly and effectually into the *rôle* of *nouveau riche*, that nobody ever thought of making the invidious distinction of calling *him* a *parvenu*, but always spoke of *them* as such. *Show*, she concluded, was to wealth what faith is to religion—the evidence of things not seen; and consequently *expense*, even in defiance of taste, appeared the ONE thing aimed at throughout their establishment, as though she would have said at every turn *viâ* placards, as they do in pantomimes,

"*There! that's what I married this little, ugly, vulgar, mean-looking man for!*" It was necessary, at least she thought so, in order to follow out this public and constant vindication of her marriage, that their dinners should have some much more salient points than the mere perfection of the *cuisine*, though they had one of the first *artistes* in Europe; neither was the magnificent horticultural display of the dessert *en permanence*, *à la Russe*, with the little fountains of iced and perfumed waters that played amid the flowers from the artistically-arranged *plateaux*, nor the first course being served on curiosly-embossed old *cinque-cento* silver plate, the second entirely on gold plate, and the third on *Capo de Monte* china, of the very rarest workmanship and designs, enough, in Lady Georgiana Thompson's opinion (and perhaps she was right), to counterbalance the piece of very ugly common clay that she had been obliged to take into the bargain with all these gems, and yet leave the latter sufficiently in the ascendant to make her the envy of all her dear friends and acquaintance; so that, in continuation, her *own* chair, in the centre of the table, was of crimson velvet, with gilded arms, somewhat throne-shaped, and, in order to make it the more conspicuous, the screen that put on at the back was so arranged as to form a pillow, the eider-down stuffing being first covered with white satin,

and then a case of Dresden lace slipped over it, frilled with *point d'Alençon.* What a pity, therefore, it would have been, if Lady Georgiana Thompson *could* have been cured of "those horrid headaches!" which compelled such a charming combination of red velvet and white lace! The *menus du dîner,* too, were like no one else's, for they were always printed, not exactly on satin, but on satin paper, in gold letters, like a command play-bill, which was not only *tant soit peu mauvais ton,* but exceedingly annoying and mystifying to near-sighted elderly ladies and gentlemen, who would much rather have known in plain, legible black and white what they were going to have for dinner. However, amid all this display, there was one aping of regality really charming. Lady Georgiana had obtained their landlord's (Lord Dunnington's) leave to pull down the arch of the partition wall in the alcove where the sideboard stood, which opened into a breakfast-room; this was completely filled with flowering shrubs and exotics, and *bosquets* of moss and evergreens, which concealed a Hesse Darmsdat and a regimental band, that played alternately during dinner; and as Lord Dunnington had somewhere heard, among the numerous English and foreign physicians he was always consulting for his gout, that music promotes digestion, he was too good a landlord, dined at Sir Titaniferous's too often, and

appreciated the *tours de force* of Prignetelli, the baronet's *chef*, too scientifically, to refuse such a trifle to Lady Georgiana as the permission to pull down a party wall, or, indeed, all the walls in the house, provided the so doing did not endanger those of the kitchen and dining-room. Moreover, he claimed connexion with the Thompsons on account of his discarded niece having married a disinherited defunct cousin of Sir Titaniferous, and, indeed, he would gladly have made it out *relationship*, at least on the *money* side, if he could. But as for Lady De Baskerville, he always boldly talked of *her* as his relation (!) for she was a very handsome woman, and her daughters were the most beautiful girls in London. *One had* married well, and no doubt the other would do so; and the sons were all getting on amazingly except the eldest; but then he *was* a peer, so there was no necessity for him to climb unless he liked it. Altogether it was charming to see family ties so knit as they were at Dunnington House that day, for Lady De Baskerville was truly kind in being an *habituée*, and showing her intimacy with the Thompsons. The only difference between her and her nephew was, that *he* always spoke *of* her as "my aunt, Lady De Baskerville," while she as invariably spoke of, or to, him as "Sir Titaniferous," which was at once more respectful and less compromising; for there is a wide difference

between liking people's money, their dinners, and their position in the world, and liking themselves, or caring to be thought belonging to them if *they* have not always belonged to that position. And friendship (!) (of which the fashionable world every day furnishes the most remarkable instances) may exist independent of all esteem or regard, for the same object may be detestable to our tastes, but adorable to our interests. The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating itself, an amazing elasticity of adaptiveness, so that by dint of habit both persons and things in themselves, either pernicious or antipathetic, cannot be dispensed with but reluctantly or with regret. Still what a Janus is that said custom!—for while it acts as pacificator to antipathies it quite as often plays the Iago to friendships and affections. But Lady De Baskerville had shuffled her cards so well as to let the prevalent idea in society be, that it was Lady Georgiana who was *her* relation and not the *marito;* and this *ingano felice* she had achieved partly by letting judgment go by default—that is, *not* contradicting the mistake—and partly (though she was so very respectful to her nephew) by calling her niece by marriage "Georgy," or "dear Georgy," as often as it was possible to do so without being vulgarly demonstrative; and as Lady Georgiana was exceedingly plain (that large featured sort of ugliness that *won't* let people

charitably pass it by), and anything but young, she by no means discouraged this fond familiarity, but quite the reverse, for however you might

"Look in her face and you'd forget it all,"

there was in the *sound* of "dear Georgy" a something that pre-supposed youth and beauty. But we must leave the dining-room, where the candelabra are beginning to be lighted, and go up stairs, which, indeed, was like walking through an avenue in the *Château des Fleurs*, so luxuriantly were they decorated with exotics; and as royalty had been expected that day, instead of the usual Axminster stair-carpets, ones of crimson velvet, bordered with miniver (worth a small German principality in themselves), had been substituted. The *portières* of the doors were also of crimson velvet, but to lighten them for summer they had an inner drapery of Honiton lace, for, as Lady Georgiana said, "one really ought to patronize one's own manufactures," and as long as they were of an equally costly description she was always ready to do so. But, alas! the course of true getting on in the world, like the course of its antipodes, true love, "never yet ran smooth," and that morning Lady Georgiana had received a note from Lady ——, announcing that their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of —— and the Princess —— of —— were invited to dine at Buckingham

Palace, and Sir Titaniferous also received an apology from their other great card, Lord Oaks, saying he had received a command to dine at the Palace also, so that only his son, Lord Acorn, came, and a few of the acrobats of his Lordship's political party. *Mais à tout malheur quelque chose est bon;* and this seeming disappointment was more than counterbalanced to the host by the slight nervousness he felt as to Mr. Phippen's uncourtly *franc parler* in such society, notwithstanding the pains he had taken to double-gild him, and quadruple his capital, for this occasion, which, as Sir Titaniferous was aware from his own personal experience, would have made any amount of vulgarity (had Mr. Phippen possessed it) not only tolerated, but adulated, by our *haute volée.* Besides, this absence of Royalty, by leaving the baronet less pre-occupied, gave him more time to con his lady-wife's oft-repeated, and as oft-forgotten, lesson *not* to ask people to drink wine with him; *not* to ask young ladies when they would take another *ride*, meaning thereby go out in the carriage with Lady Georgiana; *not* to speak of the Princess Victoria as the Princess Royal; *not* to panegyrise any *débutante* by saying he thought her a very *genteel* girl; *not* to issue a *bulletin* about his health, saying that Dr. Holland had forbidden him to drink champagne, as not one of the five or six-and-twenty dear friends dining with him cared one

straw what state his health was in, as long as it was not altogether so bad as to prevent his giving dinners; and, above all, *not* to say that, in spite of the doctor's prohibition, he sometimes gave himself '*a treat*,' and took champagne; with a hundred other *nots*, too numerous to mention. Lady De Baskerville had also her consolation in thinking that she could more exclusively devote herself to snaring that *rarâ avis*, old Lord Celendon, though she could not get over Florinda's folly—not to say disobedience—in going with her brother to the Crimea; yet it was not exactly that either, as they had started from Cowes without asking her leave, and only written from the Dardanelles to say what they had done; but what made the thing so terrible, in Lady De Baskerville's mind, was not only the time the silly girl was losing with Lord Celendon, who, on *his* side at least, had no time *to* lose, but she also feared that the beautiful Florinda, like that other misguided young creature, the Princess Arizapha, in that most entertaining of histories, "The Adventures of John of Gaunt," might "prefer the gaiety and good legs" of some subaltern out there to Lord Celendon's prosiness and gouty ones. What a pity the mother was not out there, instead of the daughter!—for, though she might not have made so many conquests, what a general she *would* have made! for no one possessed the art of giving a defeat the air of a victory like

Lady De Baskerville. So when Lord Celendon had sunk down into a *bergère* beside her, and wheezed out what he meant to be a little playful *persiflage* about all being fair in love and war, but its being very *unfair* to send such a lovely creature as Lady Florinda to the seat of war, to increase the lists of the killed and wounded, with a great deal more to the same effect, equally new and equally *spirituel*—

"Ah, my dear Lord Celendon!" said the mother, lowering her voice to the *piano* of a confidential communication, ostensibly to flatter her auditor, but in reality to escape the ridicule of being heard by any one else; "few people know Flo', or have any idea of the depth of womanly devotion that there is under that smiling face of hers. She's not the least like other girls of her age. Balls and fêtes' have little attraction for her; *her* sphere is in a sick room; it's *there she* shines! So gentle! so thoughtful! so indefatigable! We always call her the 'little nurse' at home; and, poor dear child! her great ambition was to go and join Miss Nightingale at Scutari."

But Lord Celendon looked as if he thought that *one* sick room and one set of dilapidated limbs were quite sufficient for a young lady of eighteen to exercise her nursing talents upon; so, quick as lightning, Lady De Baskerville deciphered the look and perceived that, like her daughter, she had gone rather too far in going to Scutari; so she added—

"But *that* was quite out of the question, so I have written to De Baskerville to say that he *must* bring Flo' back directly."

"I think your Ladyship did right," was the old peer's laconic rejoinder.

And now the rooms began not exactly to fill, for they were too large for a mere dinner-party, however numerous to have filled them, but the guests began rapidly to arrive, and were of that heterogeneous description generally to be met with in the mammon temples of *les nouveaux riches*, comprising almost every link in society's *gilt* chain, from its legitimate leaders that are courted and manoeuvred for, and the intermediate ordinary mass of pushers and climbers, down to the plebeian hangers-on, who are only permitted and suffered, but who nevertheless must not be converted into enemies by total neglect. Moreover, this being called an age of "*progress*" (?) (though the great struggle appears to be not so much to progress as to *rise*), of course Sir Titaniferous had not been long in the House of Commons without acquiring the "*dodge*" of coalescing with the literary swell-mob, seeing, by the literary-politico samples in that house, of what steam-power the puffology of a certain clique of the press is in fabricating virtues and talents for their *protégés*, and disseminating them by electric telegraph through the country, while all their vices and shortcomings (which is

but natural since they are *wedded* to the latter) are kept, like their wives, snugly in the back-ground, and their existence ignored by the community at large. In fact, though by no means a brilliant man, Sir Titaniferous Thompson could not, in his Parliamentary career, have attended half-a-dozen divisions upon great beer or button bills, or any other of those equally vital and important questions, upon which the legislature delights to expend its time and the country's patience, without of his own accord, unaided by any higher intelligence, discovering the difference between St. Stephen's and the saint after which it is named—for the latter, the Early Fathers tell us, "*was a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost*," whereas the former, as must be palpable to the meanest capacity, is an assemblage full of froth and the hollowest humbug; so the great thing is to stick close to its leading HUMBUGENCES, and this Sir Titaniferous did. And there they now stood in the persons of Lord Acorn, Mr. Jericho Jabber, Sir Jonas Packthemall, Mr. Wallstaff, Sir Janus Allpuff, and a Colonel Giltpin, who was a nonentity as to talent, but an out-and-outer as to obsequiousness and parliamentary elasticity, and therefore was of use in his generation; for politics, in the present day; are nothing more than a sort of great town and borough picnic to which one brings brains (*à la financier*), another spoons, another tongue, another *tête de*

veau au naturel, and so on; but the beauty of this arrangement is, that while every man looks exclusively after his own individual quota, he profits as much as he can by his neighbours. It must be confessed that this group was anything but a graceful one, though Lady Georgiana's velvet portières formed a back-ground to it that would have been at once the admiration and the despair of a painter. Beyond it stood another (of men, of course, as is generally the case in England) consisting of Mr. Gorge Beaucherche, the sexagenarian legacy-hunter, of whom Tom Levens had made (not exactly) honorable mention. He was what some persons thought a handsome man, he himself being decidedly of that opinion; but, being very large, and every year getting larger, without his finances in any degree keeping pace with his personal expansion, and being withal of a minutely thrifty and economical turn, he had so completely outgrown his clothes that every one lived in a constant state of alarm, that having already seen too much of Mr. Gorge Beaucherche, they might see more; and so the public hope was, that the first use he would make of that silly and heartless old woman's, (Lady Dives') legacy, would be to get a new wardrobe. Altogether, the chief characteristic of his appearance was *mauvais ton*, as it was an admirable imitation of those Brum magem brigands, as confectioned at the Surrey

theatre, or Bartholomew fair; and, indeed, he could not have been quite as irresistible as he thought himself, considering the ceaseless pains he had taken, and the reams of paper he had sacrificed in letter-writing, never to have succeeded in hooking even one legacy, till he had got from that be-sotted old Lady Dives what should have been the provision for her old and faithful servants. One of the many strings to his bow (a *very* long one it was) had been Mrs. Jericho Jabber during the lifetime of her first husband, when she very foolishly, and not very honorably, used to shew and laugh over his voluminous diurnal epistles; but as Mr. Jericho Jabber was at the same time playing exactly the same game, and being the cleverer *vau rien* of the two, he was *in at the death literally*, and carried off the lean widow and her fat jointure. *Beyond* a certain point no one *can* bear: the loss of the lady, there is no doubt, Mr. Beaucherche *would* and *could* have borne *à la* Brutus, when he heard how his Portia fell; but the loss of the £5,000 a-year jointure, of which he had made *so* sure, eaten so many bad dinners, and wasted (as it turned out) so much good flattery to secure,—*that* was, indeed, a blow such as only the hurricanes of adverse fate can aim; but, no doubt, as he did not mortally succumb under it, he called philosophy to his aid, and consoled himself with a maxim of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the

Third, *i.e.*, that "a great enterprise never succeeds at the first attempt," though it was far from being *his* first attempt in that particular line. Next to him stood a little man, with rather a fine and somewhat Shakespearian head, which he did not quite belie, as he wrote plays, some of which were, in wit and artistic arrangement, infinitely superior to the much overrated "Rivals," "School for Scandal," and "Critic;" but then he was not Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the boon companion of princes, the *enfant gâté* of duchesses, and the Jeremy Diddler of tradesmen—he was only plain Mr. Pluché, with that great drawback to getting on in "the best bad society" in London, to wit, being an exceedingly respectable man in private life, having been an excellent husband and father, *mais en revanche*, he was a greater tuft-hunter than even Sheridan, for, in short, poor Mr. Pluché was just the sort of little, grateful, humble, "thank you for small mercies" sort of man, to die of a bow from a lord "in aromatic* pain." The third of this group was a trading politician, a Mr. Filmer Snobson, who had begun his political—no, parliamentary—career as a red-hot Tory, but finding the Whigs had a much longer reign of it than the most sanguine amongst them ever could have anticipated, and his wife being Radical in everything, even to her ugliness, which

* Query, aristocratic.

was on the largest and coarsest possible scale of what Comte D'Orsay used to call *laideur au blanc* —to wit, a *fade blonde*—and she being all for Free Trade, the he Snobson suddenly launched into Liberalism; and really now-a-days the humbug is so nearly equalized, whether under the names of "Whig," "Tory," "Conservative," or "Free-Trader," that, if it were not to humour some booby constituency, who will *not* believe that an M.P., under whatsoever name, is an equal fiction, it would not be worth any of these gentry's while to take the trouble of what is called "ratting." However, Mr. Filmer Snobson's own texture was so essentially cotton—without one silken thread—that perhaps he had done well to change his colors, in winding out the prosy speeches in the house, which were as interminable as the longest reel of that commodity that ever found its way into the market. Mrs. Filmer Snobson (certainly she was *not* handsome! *mais ça n'empêche pas les sentimens;* and doubtless it was her striking likeness to Prince Albert's prize, Lady Swine, that caused her to be so well received at Court),—but Mrs. Filmer Snobson, we were about to observe, was now sitting talking to Mrs. Jericho Jabber, and between them they divided the trammels of marriage for their respective lords and masters (?), thus rendering it only a sort of limited liability, as Mrs. Jericho Jabber was only bone of her hus-

band's bone, while Mrs. Filmer Snobson was entirely flesh of her spouse's flesh.

In the offing, a little behind them, and considerably interfering with Lady de Baskerville's and Lord Celendon's *tête-á-tête*, was a most hideous and exceedingly vulgar-looking old woman, with a hump upon her back, and one eye about the size of a shilling, while its companion was not above half those dimensions, which had at one time earned for her the *sobriquet* of eighteen-pence. She was rouged, or rather raddled up to these two unequal optics; and her dress, being very short both in the waist and in the length, and being composed of black tulle powdered all over with round white spots, added to her attractions by giving her the air of a superannuated guinea-fowl, to whom repletion and rheumatism had rendered roosting an unpleasant process, and who therefore preferred standing on one leg, as she was then doing. Having been an authoress before the beginning of this century, when blotting a certain number of pages, no matter with what trash, and surviving the operation, was considered quite sufficient of a miracle to give a person the *entrée* into society as Mr. This, or Miss That, "THE AUTHORESS," though her sire in private life had been a footman, and in public a strolling player, and herself a governess. She contrived to make herself *useful* to some of the *haute vôlée* of those

early times, and so was handed down to their descendants of the present day as a sort of oral tradition, and, the ornamental being impossible, the *useful* still continued; for this *objet non charmant* was Lady Gorgon, the most indefatigable match-maker, or match-marrer in London, according as she was retained on either side; and where there were no matches to be made, and they were already marred beyond *her* powers of meddling, she was equally ready to undertake, and clever in executing, any other little odd job in the way of helping on a profligate husband, provided he were rich and well up in the world, and forging a lie or disseminating a calumny about his victim wife; and much of this honorable sort of secret service had she rendered to her friend and in every way worthy *compère*, Sir Janus Allpuff. She and her sister had both succeeded, late in life, in prevailing upon two be-knighted apothecaries to marry them, and on one occasion, when the two knights of the pestle were abroad with their perpetual blisters, it used to be said in Paris, "Those poor men cannot help being apothecaries, but they really should not drag their *drugs* about with them." Having given this slight sketch of Lady Gorgon's antecedents, it is needless to say that she was *parvenue* to her very crooked back-bone, and lived upon lords and ladies, and by them too for the British Government, ever ready to mark its gratitude for services

of a *particular* sort, had bestowed a pension of some hundreds a year upon her. But it was not too much, all things considered, for, to parody the great Condé's *un sou par victoire*, it was not, though it appeared a great deal to the *uninitiated*, in reality much more than a halfpenny a job. But as the Duke of Twilglenon had just arrived, looking more ruffianly even and swell-mobbish than usual, it was of course necessary for Lady Gorgon to drop the gouty old Lord Celendon, as a minor prey, and join his Grace (?), Mr. Jericho Jabber, Sir Janus Allpuff, and that clique, to whom she was flatterer in chief. Truly says Tacitus, "*pessinum genus inimicorum laudantes*," while the proverb asserts that "Flattery is the food of fools," which is rather too invidious toward the poor fools, as your clever knaves, your hangers-on to popularity, your runners after the world's great shadows and bubbles, your despisers of character and seekers of *reputation*(?), feed far more largely on this garbage than your poor, simple fool; and, like the Styrian peasants, who take graduated doses of arsenic to improve the freshness and sheen of their *appearance*, *either* would die if the poison ceased to be administered; and there are none *so* susceptible of flattery as those who pique themselves upon being flattery-proof. Of *this* Shakespear (who, as Mr. Phippen justly observed, knew everything) was so fully aware

that he makes Decius, in the play of "Julius Cæsar," in the conspiracy scene, answer Cassius, who doubts whether they shall be able to persuade Cæsar to come forth to the Capitol that day—

> "———————— never fear that;
> I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear
> That unicorn may be betray'd with trees,
> And bears with glasses, elephants holes,
> Lions with toils, and man with flattery:
> But when I tell him *he* hates flatterers,
> He says he does, *being then most flattered.*"

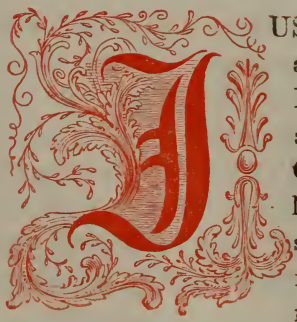
But where flattery, which is the legitimate tool of the hireling and the parasite, becomes indeed a thing to grieve and to wonder at is, when the great and the noble stoop to the degradation of employing it. Passing over more modern instances, who, without a feeling of deep regret and humiliation at belonging to a species that can so prostitute the Promethean spark they possess above other animals, can read that master-piece of human eloquence, as it will for ever remain, the oration of Cicero, addressed to Cæsar on the behalf of Marcellus, and not be moved also with astonishment that the transcendant talents centred in the great patriot and defender of the liberty of the people of Rome should not only bend before and supplicate the invader of that liberty, but should also grovel down into flattering him with the same lips that had destroyed Cataline?

But *this* certainly is irrevelant to such

animalculæ as my Lady Gorgon, who far more resembled the *ichneumon*, which travellers tell us is the parasite of the crocodile, its business being to clean its master's teeth (a somewhat dirty job truly); but then its perquisites are the carnage it finds there. So leaving Lady Gorgon among her crocodiles, like "an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile," and passing over the other groups distributed about the room, who were merely ladies and gentlemen and, therefore, had nothing to particularly distinguish them in the present day, which is one of high intellect and profound science, wherein even the lowest acts of blackguardism must be treated *intellectually*, and the blackest crime perpetrated scientifically—for as "The Times" truly observed, touching the Rugeley and Darlington poisonings, "If the thing is to be done, it must be done scientifically; the darkest deed of the blindest passion must be accomplished with the patience and clear-sightedness of the coldest intellect;" thus safely eschewing the devil's highway of open crime and vulgar murder; but as we before said, we will leave the ichneumon with her crocodiles *en rôle de cure-dent*, and go down into the hall again to escort Mr. Phippen up-stairs, as he may be shy.

CHAPTER VI.

Where, among many great (?) men, Mr. Phippen meets with a gentleman; and as he (Mr. Phippen) rubs up some antique reminiscences of the Consulate and the Empire, he finds that old stories, like old fashions, come into vogue again, if kept sufficiently long; so that, all things considered, he acquits himself non re male, considering that it is his debut in High Life, either 'above' or 'below' stairs.



JUST as Mr. Phippen arrived at Dunnington House a cab drove up, and two men got out. One was a literary celebrity, and justly deserved to be such, as far as his very clever novels went; but, in gratitude to the ignorance and inanity of the Matrons and Misses of the fashionable world, of whom he was becoming *l'enfant chèri*, he had re-

cently given a series of lectures upon the celebrities of the eighteenth century, which, had he calculated one whit less truly upon the profound and extensive ignorance of his audience, would, from their vapidity and total absence of anything like new light thrown upon the thread-bare matter he had selected, have been an insult to that modicum of understanding, which even lords and ladies are allowed by courtesy. However, he had *not* reckoned without his host, and the mobs of the *élite* which attended these lectures thought them all very fine, and felt much edified at being, for the first time, apprised of what every decently-educated child of twelve years old ought to know; and so Mr. Thrashaway, the lecturer, became more popular than ever—*a fait accompli* which had procured him the additional honor (?) of being patronized by his present companion, a Mr. Abner Haystack, a gentleman of Jewish extraction and appearance, not handsome, nor even like the King of Persia, except in name, but he was a great linguist, and really a clever man, so that he might have taken his stand upon his own ground, and that a high one; but he preferred being the veriest tuft-hunter in London, a sort of appendix to the peerage, and infester of great houses; and this it was, perhaps, which gave to his nearly grey and very bushy hair a *faux air* of flunkeyism, as if it had "caught the *powder* living as it flew!" During their drive

to Dunnington House, he had been kindly initiating his infinitely cleverer companion into the *superfineities* of the *crême de la crême* of society, of which, as he had passed his whole life in skimming, he naturally fancied himself "quite the cheese!" But to prove how completely he was of the times, thrifty, in his strictures upon *savoir vivre* he had, like all the great (?) personages of the present day, kept a sharp look-out as to his *sous*, and so had proposed to his companion that they should divide the cab-fare; for every soul of this generation, whether old or young, rich or poor, a Mecænas or a mendicant, seems thoroughly impressed with one of the few great truths that Göthe, that Jupiter Tonans of the modern Pantheistic school of cold-blooded materialism, ever uttered, namely, that

"With neither purse nor scrip, thou lightly climb'st the hill;
But the bag weighed down with riches is a *lighter* burden still."

Now Mr. Thrashaway, who had borne with quiet unction the elegant extracts from Mr. Abner Haystack's *diptycha* of living and defunct magnates, determined to bide his time for illustrating Mrs. Primrose's favorite proverb, touching the impossibility of converting the aural organ of a certain animal into a velvet receptacle for money, and so take his revenge of the elegant Abner. And that time was now come; for before the assembled

legion of powdered and unpowdered satellites of "that great Orion," Sir Titaniferous Thompson's house, the relentless Thrashaway walked up to the superfine Haystack, without any symptom of that love proverbially said to exist between ancient cows and the reality of his bucolic name, and said, in an audible voice and with an air savouring far more of the Seven Dials than of the seven Dukes which Mr. Haystack had been pouring out upon him like the seven vials in the Revelations during their drive—

"I tell you what, Haystack, I'll toss you for the cab-fare."

Poor Haystack! Had he been tossed by a bull, he could not have looked more aghast! But there was nothing for it but philosophy, and he had not translated so much German in vain; and so recalling Göthe's epigram of

> "How, when and where? No oracles reply;
> Restrain thyself to *since*, and ask not for the why?"

And since thus it was that Mr. Thrashaway had so committed himself, and compromised *him*, before the flunkey-ocracy of the great *parvenu's* establishment, the elegant Abner had only to pass on and ascend the velvet-covered stairs with as much dignity in his deportment as if he had been really the King of Persia, instead of only his namesake. Mr. Thrashaway followed, enjoying his discom-

fiture, while from a study off the hall issued three more guests, one of whom was the identical tropical-looking gentleman who had got into the train with Mrs. Penrhyn and Sir Gregory Kempenfelt, in their way down to Baron's Court; this personage rejoiced in the name of Hebblethwaite. The other two were of so ordinary an appearance as not to need a description;—in fact, they not only *looked* like Joneses and Smiths, but they *were* Jones and Smith, for those were their respective names. Having allowed all these to precede him, so that he might be the very last, Mr. Phippen followed the groom of the chambers upstairs, who, though he had twice enquired the name of that unknown personage, was not able, or affected not to be able, to catch it, so that after all, that worthy man, who was quite content with his own good name, was announced by the better known and more aristocratic one of

"Mr. Phipps, my lady."

Whereupon Lady Georgiana, having received her cue, and anxious to give it to her guests, rose, and greeted the last arrival with the most *empressée* civility. Indeed, had Mr. Phippen thought about it (which he did not), he could not but have remarked that, instead of that super-abundance of bad manners so rife in "good" (?) society, which generally produces for every unknown face an impertinent stare, legibly demanding "Who on

earth are *you?*" there was, on the contrary, a deferential sort of falling back, and a slight pause in the tesselations of conversation going on about the room, as if he had been actually some Prince of Saxe Swillandsmokeum, with a revenue of two whole hundreds a year. The fact was, for their very souls they could not do less, for Sir Titaniferous had, as a preliminary measure, bestowed six millions on him, being just three more than he actually possessed; but this increase of riches Mr. Phippen ignored, and therefore had no merit in not setting his heart upon them, though it might have jarred on his self-love (had he had any) to have known *why* his advent was so *very successful!* Sir Titaniferous followed in Lady Georgiana's wake, making him a speech for his kindness in coming to them, and then, turning to his aunt, said—

"Lady De Baskerville, allow me to present *our good friend*, Mr. Phippen, to you."

The great lady immediately rose, the brilliants on her neck emitting additional scintillations, it might be from the accelerated pulsation of her heart, in which prudence and pride were encountering in a gladiatorial struggle; but, the former coming off the victor, as it always does in minds well regulated by the world's chronometer, she held out one of her white and sparkling hands to the Samaritan of Threadneedle-street, and said

how *happy* she was to have the pleasure of making Mr. Phippen's acquaintance.

But whether it was that Mr. Phippen was completely overpowered and taken aback by this unexpected honor—or whether, with a twinge of Threadneedle-street, he did not care for her ladyship's hand without her seal, we cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that, with a total absence of the gallantry that was natural, and the courtesy that was habitual to hm, he stood bowing profoundly all the while, leaving Lady De Baskerville's proffered hand in abeyance and never once attempting to take it. But, as his face at first became very red and then suddenly livid, we can only suppose that the honor overpowered him, and that he avoided purposely taking the fair hand extended to him, from being of my Lord Duke's opinion in "High Life below Stairs," that "*too much freeity breeds despisery.*"

But Sir Titaniferous, who was nervously watching this little *scéna*, now came to the rescue, saying—

"I regret to say you will not meet the Duchess of —— and the Princess ——, for we had an apology this morning, as they were asked to dine at the palace, and Lord Oaks has failed us for the same reason."

"Oh!" said Mr. Phippen, with as much bearish bluntness as if he had been drumming on the table

in his own office, "you need not make *me* any apology about that; it's a very different thing when a whole audience arrive at a theatre to be disappointed by hearing that the actors have been ordered off to Windsor at a moment's notice, and there is to be *no* play; and if, indeed, we are to have *no* dinner because *your* royalties are retained for the Palace, *that* is another affair, for as a good Christian, one don't like substituting fasts for feasts."

It was now poor Sir Titantiferous's turn to look disconcerted, which he did, past the power of concealing it at this uncouth and democratic speech; till he once more opportunely recollected that six millions gave a man (aye, and would even give a woman!) a right to say, *be*, or do whatever they pleased, independent of the Royal Assent. But here, in his turn, the host was rescued by a Member of the Humane Society stepping forward, in the person of a Mr. Mills Bouverie, a very handsome, gentleman-like young man, who said to Mr. Phippen, with a smile—

"Why no, *that* would be rather too much of an inverse ratio of the Emperor of Morrocco's considerate permission to all the rest of the world to go to dinner as soon as *he* has dined."

"Very true; and those who like me have no fancy for things *à la Tartare* would fare but badly," rejoined Mr. Phippen.

Here dinner was announced, and Mr. Phippen said in his own mind, "'Gad! I'll stick to this young fellow, he'll make a good pilot for me as I dare say he knows all the soundings here, and will be able to tell me who the people are." It had evidently been arranged in the programme that he was to have the distinguished honor of taking Lady De Baskerville down to dinner; but, commercially calculating that as he had not availed himself of her hand, he could not be expected to offer her his arm, he would *not* take the numerous hints given him by the host and hostess, but walked on with Mr. Mills Bouverie, keeping up a conversation so as not to lose him in the crowd, and, therefore, Lady De Baskerville was obliged to be taken down, or rather to take down Lord Celendon as she went *à pas* accommodating her pace to his hobble.

When every one was at length seated, Mr. Phippen, who had secured Mr. Bouverie on his right, perceived that on his left he had Lady De Baskerville, while upon looking down the table he saw that in the vicinity of Sir Titaniferous were those "three black graces," Hebblethwait, Smith and Jones, as if to keep his eye upon them, for fear they should say or do anything worthy of their names; for nervously susceptible as Lady Georgiana was about all *his lèze bienséances*, he, in descending the ladder, was ten times more fidgetty touching the sayings and doings of those

of his former associates, whom for private and particular reasons he dared not cut, and was actually obliged to ask to come again and again. As birds of a feather proverbially flock together, Lord Acorn, Sir Janus Allpuff and Mr. Jericho Jabber had got as near to each other as the intervention of the respective ladies they were compelled to take down would allow; the Duke of Twilglenon having, of course, been obliged to sacrifice *himself* to Lady Georgiana. Mr. Haystack, after the horrible circumstance that had occurred in the hall about the cab, kept as much aloof from Mr. Thrashaway as possible, that the footmen who had witnessed the outrage might suppose Mr. Thrashaway was merely a casualty, and not a habit of his. But decidedly the Fates were adverse to him that day, for just as he was steering towards a peeress, who gave very good dinners herself, in order to offer his arm for the present occasion, he was pounced upon and retained by Lady Gorgon, who had effectually baited her hook with a whisper that she had something to tell him about a *pétit dîner fin* that was soon to be at Swansdown House; and so, *all her* geese being swans, the victimized Abner fell naturally into the trap. Mr. Gorge Beaucherche, from steadily pursuing ONE sole aim and end in life, was more fortunate, and had secured a rich old dowager, to whom (*this* one being of a pious turn) he was talking tracts and

toast-and-water. Alas! what a pity that he had not known of Mrs. Kelly *before* she was shot, as though a duke and two peers had been refused by the *çidevant* poor outcast's millions; yet, as the latter rejection was said to have been owing to the machinations of the late Mr. John Sadleir, and he having—

> "Like a duke, or a duchess's daughter
> Quaff'd prussic acid, without any water;"

she surely would not have been able to resist so experienced a hero from the diggings as Mr. Gorge Beaucherche, who always at least *looked* sure of being very successful!

"Shall you go to Paris for the Exhibition?" asked Mr. Mills Bouverie of his neighbour, by way of beginning another conversation.

"Well, I have some thoughts of it," said Mr. Phippen; "for 'gad, I should much like to go again, as I have never been there since I was a youngster of sixteen—first, during the Consulate, and, four years later, at the commencement of the Empire."

"Two most interesting epochs; for I suppose you saw Bonaparte?"

"Yes, several times," said Mr. Phippen, laying down his fork. "And I'll tell you an incident that occurred the first time I saw him: You must know when I was first sent abroad I was consigned to the Abbé Sicard, who lionised me about Paris,

and accommodated himself as good naturedly to all my ignorance and folly of sixteen as if he had been my grandmother. One day in our usual round of sight-seeing, he took me to the National Institute to see all the celebrities of that day, pointing them out to me, and telling me the names of their works. 'And what,' said I, 'are the names of the works of that young *savant?*' showing him one he had not named. '*Ciel! est il possible!*' cried he, 'that you do not know *that* that young *savant has given us an entire new history of France in six months! That is the First Consul.*'"

"How very interesting!" said Mr. Bouverie; "and was Napoleon handsome at that time?"

"Yes; for he had not been to Egypt, or grown fat. I wish I had been older; but still, young as I was, I was particularly struck with the probing expression of his eyes, which seemed to reach everybody's thoughts, without ever betraying his own."

"Of course then you saw the Abbé Sicard's own Institution for the Deaf and Dumb?"

"Oh, yes! I was a constant attendant there; and so were all the most elegant women in Paris—Madame Talien, Madame Recamier, Madame La Grange, Lally Tolendal, and all that set, in the most beautiful toilets, as they were thought in that day; but gad! they were so scanty that I recollect the 'wit in Paris' then was to call them

"Rumford's," after Count Rumford's stoves, which were said to produce the greatest possible amount of warmth, with the least possible expenditure of material."

Mr. Bouverie smiled, and then asked if the intelligence of the Abbé Sicard's pupils was as wonderful as tradition had handed it down.

"Well, really it was. I think I see the good Abbé now, with that kind and most benevolent face of his, rapidly talking to all his silent pupils on his fingers; their answers used to be written down in chalk on a black board. Two of them I was so struck with, that I wrote them down at the time, and therefore remember. One of these questions asked by the Abbé was, 'What is gratitude?' answer:—'The memory of the heart.' The other—'What is friendship?' to which the reply was, 'Friendship is the love of the mind.' Now these answers would have been remarkable in boys of fifteen and sixteen, endowed with all their faculties; but they were peculiarly so in those poor deaf and dumb children."

"As you say; but indeed in England I don't think we ever could have heard such answers, for in our systems of education for every class, we enforce mental and physical, but no moral and psychological development. But I think you said you were again in Paris during the Empire?"

"Yes, for a short time; and I used to attend the lectures of Cuvier on Natural History, who read admirably, and whose lectures, as well as those of Fourcroy on Chemistry, were at that time *the* great *rendezvous* of all the *elégans* and *elégantes* of Paris. But the thing that impressed me most on that visit was hearing the noble, brave, and devoted speech of poor Jules—(I think it was Jules de Polignac),—braving all the consequences of the Emperor's fury, and requesting his young life might be accepted in lieu of his brothers."

"Yes, it was very noble; but he was ultimately reprieved, was he not?"

"Why yes, 'gad! it made a great sensation at the time I remember. The Empress Josephine had so arranged it as to smuggle in Madame de Polignac, the mother, early one morning, into the private apartments at St. Cloud, where no one but the Emperor and Empress were allowed to come; and she threw herself at Napoleon's feet to ask her son's life, and being soon joined in her entreaties by Josephine, she gained her point. 'Pon my life, the restoration of the Empire in France, and this talk of peace is all to me like living my young days over again! and if we do have peace, I think the *same* skits that we had at the peace of Amiens will do over again; for they said on that occasion, that although the war was over, General Satisfaction had not returned to England, and at

the Stock Exchange I remember they stuck up this doggrel:—

'Peace - - - - *Ratified.*
Bulls - - - - *Gratified.*
Bears - - - - *Mortified.*
Nation - - - *Dissatisfied.*
Alley - - - - *Purified.*
All - - - - *Electrified.*'

But I think the best of them all, and the one most likely to be appropriate for the next peace, was over the Lunatic Asylum, at York, written by one of the inmates—query, should he have been there? Let me see—oh! yes, these are the lines—

'The *Statesman* gave us war,
The *Soldier* gives us peace;
Surely *this* is madness,
But wonders ne'er will cease.'"

"Very good," laughed Mr. Bouverie, quite delighted with the old gentleman's anecdotes, which he evidently told with much gusto, as though he wished to prove that, notwithstanding so much *talk* of progression, *persons* at all events, whatever things might do, remained much as they were when he began the world.

"Do you remember any more of those *jeux d'esprit*?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"At one time I had hundreds of them, and occasionally they spring up again all of a sudden,

like a crop of mushrooms after a shower of rain; but I suppose you have heard that epigram that was made at the time upon Charles Fox having said that he was glad England had *not* got what she had been fighting for."

"No, I have not; but I should like to hear it."

"The origin of it was this:—Fox was dining at 'The Shakespear,' just at the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, and after having launched out in a most enthusiastic strain as to how glorious it was to the French Republic, and to the Chief Consul, who deserved glory for so glorious a struggle, he wound up by saying, 'The object of the war *we* have not gained most certainly, and I like the peace so much the better on that account." Whereupon, the next day, this epigram was all over London—

"The peace I approve of, because 'twill advance
The republican cause and the glory of France;
And that England has warred without gaining her ends,
Is a subject of triumph to me and my friends."

"Where's he from, whose lips such strange sentiments show—
A Briton, a Frenchman, a friend, or a foe?
Ask the man at 'The Shakespear,' where lately he dined;
'He's a Patriot-Whig, and a friend to mankind.'"

"Cry you mercy, without *your* intelligence, waiter,
I'd mistaken your Patriot-Whig for a traitor."

Mr. Bouverie thanked him and complimented him upon his good memory.

"'Gad, Sir, I remember everything of those days as if it were but yesterday; it's only last week that slips away from me, so as that I can never overtake it."

Here their attention was aroused by old Lord Celendon, saying across the table to Mr. Thrashaway, while he cast an indignant look at Mr. Jericho Jabber and Sir Janus Allpuff—

"I tell you what, my good Sir, when once the most barefaced corruption has seized upon the *representatives* of a country, it's all up with the country, for it's like a chronic disease, where things are sure to proceed from bad to worse; till, whether the government is dissolved or not, the constitution must be seriously, not to say irrevocably, injured. What has been, may be, and *will* be again. Cæsar destroyed the Commonwealth, and after his time each succeeding Emperor, every successive Senate grew more abject and more complying than the last, till the old Roman spirit was entirely extinguished. And so it will be with the old English spirit, if a certain set of unprincipled political mountebanks are let to run their rig much longer."

"Surely your Lordship must admit, taking a statesmanlike view of the case, rejoined Mr. Thrashaway, (who, whatever his *soi-disant* politics might be, was always in the habit in the periodicals with which he was connected, of helping

those very lame dogs, Mr. Jericho Jabber and Sir Janus Allpuff over the stile, as he now belonged to their literary clique; "surely you will admit that a consistent opposition, whether in the Senate or the Press, is, and has ever been, deemed beneficial to those countries in which it exists?"

"Aye!—thank you, Sir, for the word—a *consistent* opposition may be so, but not a scribbling and a devil-take-the-hindmost opposition, whose *only* principle *is* opposition, with *one* solitary look-out, that of self-advancement."

"I certainly think," chimed in Mr. Haystack, who was always happy to coalesce with a peer, of whatsoever party, but who was in his vocation on the present occasion, since, as an *habitué* of Swansdown House, he was of course a Whig *renfoncé*, "that is, I quite agree with Lord Celendon; and, moreover, I also think that our degenerating honor and increasing iniquity is becoming truly classical, for we are beginning to label our worst crimes and vices with the grandiloquent names of high-sounding virtues, like the Greeks and Romans.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Bouverie; "but I think the ancient Greeks and Romans would feel themselves much aggrieved by your comparison, or, at least, the Greeks, for the Romans I give up to you as a set of flinty, pompous *vaux rien;* but the Greeks, when they committed a horrible and

unnatural crime, had, at all events, the grace to know and feel that it *was* a crime, and to call it such; for instance, in the Cœhphori of Æschylus, Orestes is made to say that he was commanded by Apollo to avenge his father's murder, and yet if he obeyed, that he was to be delivered to the Furies; and the tragedy accordingly concludes with a chorus deploring the fate of Orestes, obliged to take vengeance against a mother, and involved thereby in a crime against his will. Now, *theoretically*, it is impossible for us, *nominally* unpagan moderns to lend our minds to notions so irrational and absurd. So much for our powers of *belief*. But I'll tell you what we would *do* in our modern Babylon, were the tragedy of Clytemnestra to be enacted in real life, with this difference, that Agamemnon should be the aggressor, and turn Clytemnestra out of her home to make way for his mistresses, and then hunt her through the world, and order her son eventually to murder her, if *he*, instead of the heroic Agamemnon, were a craven who had not even the courage of his vices, and so took to the most slimy hypocrisy, in lieu of virtue, and became a trading politician, got a certain clique in the press to write him up, taking care, of course, to keep the whole contents of his coffers in his own possession, while he subjected his victim to every privation and humiliation,—you would see how all London would

uphold him, and what an amiable and charming young man Orestes would be thought for murdering his mother! For we are so truly Spartan that the only thing we ever punish in vice (or in virtue either, for that matter) is *failure*. Only *succeed*, and you *must be right*, whether it be in poisoning your friends, swindling the public, or in the minor and highly-popular little pastime of outraging a woman at every source, till she curses not only the blasphemous mockery of the *name* of wife, but the still greater one of mother. Depend upon it, under *such* circumstances, a *modern* Orestes, whose papa made himself useful to any political party, and was in what's called good (?) society in London, would be under no necessity of doing as the Greek Orestes is made to do in the first act of "Electra," and go about spreading the report of his own death, in order to humour the superstition of his compatriots, who thought that after all such reports the object of them would be sure to die in reality; for *we* are wiser in our generation, and it is not till the measure of our social or political iniquity is full to overflowing, that we begin to reap a harvest of ovations from our moral society and our discerning public."

"There I quite agree with you," said Mr. Phippen; "for every day's experience convinces me that the two great and, indeed, only secrets for getting on in the world now-a-days is total want of

principle and total want of feeling. Yet still, even Brummagem modern Æneases (?) should remember that history *has* its truth-recording STRABOS as well as its poetical fictionising Virgils; and that truth, however plain, will, sooner or later, find a chronicler."

"Aye, *even* what is called '*so* clever,'" rejoined Mr. Bouverie; "however that sort of electrotype cleverness of young England, or rather of young England's leaders, makes one always on the look-out for the realization of Lord Corke's assertion, that 'Wrong actions are not to be defended either by names or numbers. Vicious examples may receive a stamp from fashion, and, like counterfeit metals, at their first appearance may dazzle and pass for gold, till Time, that irresistible discoverer of falsehood, rubs off the gloss and reveals their baseness.'"

"I believe it does eventually, rejoined Mr. Phippen, "but the worst of it is, that Time, being an old fellow like me, always travels by such a deucedly slow coach that he lets that sort of literary and political cracksmen victimize the public to an immense amount before his detectives come up with and expose them. But as I take it for granted that you know all the people here will you tell me who those two ill-looking fellows opposite to us are—the one with black ringlets, that looks as if they were made out of snakes and

leeches, and the other with a head of light hair and moustaches, like a distaff gone mad, and the lines in both their faces giving one the idea of the devil having ridden rough-shod over them, and indented the hoof of every vice into them?"

"Oh! those," laughed Mr. Bouverie, "are Mr. Jericho Jabber and Sir Janus Allpuff, my Lord Oakes's two leading acrobats. Theirs is one of the chief trained bands of our Metropolitan cliques, of which what is called 'society' in London has some half-dozen—to wit, the Lansdowne House clique, which can only talk Lansdowne House; the Devonshire House clique, *ibid;* the Stafford House clique, *da capo;* with its new variation of the Uncle Tom fooleries; and then the slow coach heavies of the Bath House clique bring up the rear with their *talk*, *without*, however, 'the knowledge of common things.' Next, dense as a November fog, comes the Parliamentary Bore clique, with their motions, measures, committees, pairings (but *no repairings*), crams, and all the *impromptus faites à loisir* of which they accuse their last guiltless election."

"Good heavens! how can Lord Oakes think of balancing his political ladder on the chins of two such mountebanks? 'Pon my life! their hair alone is worth paying a shilling to see, and reminds me of the intrigues that used to be carried on, when

Bonaparte was First Consul, by means of locks of hair;—but you'll be tired of my old stories."

"By no means, pray let me hear what you were going to say."

"Well, you must know, that during the Consulate great excitement all of a sudden reigned in Paris, at the First Consul having appeared frequently in powder; for, 'Gad, Sir! it turned out that his barber was no other than the famous ex-Chouan in disguise, who had undertaken to give signals to the partizans of *Louis Dixhuite* by his *manner* of powdering and frizzing the Chief Consul. It was observed that two expresses were sent off to Warsaw the day he first appeared in powder, and this circumstance having been communicated to Fouché, that sleepless dragon-commissary of Police, he arrested the *Barbier Comte* who had long been marked *suspecte*, even from the tenth of the previous Fructidor in Fouché's private book; and, when arrested, upon him were found a very curious cypher in curls, *chignons*, straight, long and short hair, together with several hieroglyphics in curling-irons. It seems that *powder* and curls, or *cannons* as they were called, were very significant intimations of *war*, and plain and straight hair denoted *peace;* and all this handy-work of the Tuileries Figaro it was that had made the *Tiers Consolidés* fall to fifty-four, as the right

side of the Consul's head described the French Republic, while the left was geographically sectioned out for the rest of Europe; so that a prominent curl in any particular division, powdered more or less, denoted hostility, and the degree or approach of it to any part of Europe. It was actually sworn on the *procés verbal*, that the Swiss Cantons, which stood very high and close to the centre of the Chief Consul's *toupée*, were powdered thick; that Spain was particularly frosted; and upon the right side of the head there was combed a prospectus of a new Constitution. The Consul's head, upon being compared with this cypher, left no doubt of the conspiracy; besides which, several false curls in the shape of ships, artillery and bastions, had been found on the culprit, who was handed over to the *prefects* of the Palace, to be tried by a jury, half crops and half *gens de poudre* —ha! ha! ha! ha! Such were the *jeux d'esprit* in *those* days, and I was just thinking as our friend the *Jew d'esprit* opposite has evidently oiled the ringlets on one side of his head more than the other, whether the oleaginous side might not be intended as an Extreme-Unction cypher to Maynooth, and its more arid *vis-à-vis* as a black frost telegraph to the *perspective Nuvski.*"

'"Now Barabbas was a robber!"'

"He! he! he!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Laughed Mr. Phippen and his companion. But just then a magnificent *cadenza* from the "*Mose in Egitto*" sighed from one of the hidden bands, and flowing, like a silver tide as it were, through the room, for a moment hushed the less harmonious voices. But as an experienced *chef* has always a sufficient supply of "stock" to meet any unexpected demands on his *batterie de cuisine*, so Mr. Jericho Jabber had always a gymnasium full of athlete enthusiasms, whether for parliamentary, festive, or literary purposes; and therefore he now displayed some wonderful *tours de force*, (remaining from an old *cram* he had got up on his return from the Pyramids), upon ancient Greek, Assyrian and Æthiopian music, which naturally whirled him off into a twin extacy upon dancing, which, (for the benefit of a young lady, who sat within two of him, with a very beautiful pair of eyes, *at* which he had been for the last half-hour employing his in hurling quotations from one of his own novels about "*The Girl;*" but Mrs. Jericho Jabber's presence will not allow of *our* finishing the extract, whatever *he* may have done, so we will merely state that, for the benefit of that young lady,) he designated dancing the photograph of motion; explaining that there was no person or thing that might not be imitated by gesture, and then almost pantomimically shewing her, by means of a gold spoon and a terrible hurling of his ringlets to the

back of his chair, how the Lacedemonians and Thebans used to attack their enemies, dancing. And on he went to act as master of the ceremonies to their great ball of "*We have been, we are, and we shall be valiant!*"—and, notwithstanding her beautiful eyes, he continued to cram her as if she had been a young turkey instead of a young lady, though, most probably, all this was irrespective of *her* digestive powers, and only to astonish the listening dunces and dowagers around him, and shew that *he* knew all about it; for in English society, next to ignorance, pedantry is the thing that has the most *succés*—the former for being *à leur portée*, the latter from being beyond it;—so on and on, like poor Tommy Moore's "Phantom Boat," or a Will-o'-the-wisp, bounded Mr. Jericho Jabber, till he got back again to Thebes, and, for change of air, from thence to Athens, and told the young lady how the Athenians had erected a statue to Andronicus Caristius, the favorite dancer of Alexander, and how they also advanced Phrynicus to the highest honors for having danced the Pyrrhica, "which, by the bye," added he, as if Scaliger had *told* him *this* in confidence, "Scaliger boasted many times to have danced before the Emperor Maximilian." And much more did he tell her, of how certain dances were committed by the Romans to their most august priests, called *Salios;* how Lucian deduced the origin of dancing from

Heaven, since not only all the celestial bodies, but likewise the ocean and the hearts of animals have a regular motion like it;—winding up with one of those fine presto begone! perorations and hocus-pocus arguments (?) with which he was wont to beguile listening Senates upon much more vital matters, he burst forth with, "Why, as a proof that that there *must be*, that *there is*, something divine in the origin of dancing, look at the religious rites into which it has been introduced, not only among the sacrifices of the mysteries of Delii, and round the fountain of Hippocrene, from whence Pindar calls Apollo DANCER, but,"—and here, as a culminating and irrefragable argument (?)* he drew the handkerchief he was flourishing in his right hand hastily, like a strap, across his left,—" more than all this, as an appeal to *our* Christianity (!) did not David dance before the Ark?"

And here Mr. Jericho Jabber leant back exhausted,—as well he might be. Whereupon Mr. Abner Haystack, taking advantage of the halcyon silence that reigned for a moment, when a good thing (as he conceived everything *he* uttered *was,)* would be sure to tell, leant forward, and said—

"After all, Jabber, you must allow that there's nothing like the good old English country-dance,

* And quite as logical a one, too, as that Jews should be admitted into Parliament *because* the Founder of Christianity was a Jew! *C'est nous juiver un peu trop, par example!*

as it is the only one wherein one is constantly *changing sides*, and one has to give hands across, and set to the *opposite party*; and indeed the original directions printed on 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' and another contemporary country dance, called 'CAVENDISH COURT, OR LOOK SHARP!' after the *changing sides*, are: 'first couple *cast up*, and cast off, and hands round.'"

The but ill-suppressed laugh being now decidedly against Mr. Jericho Jabber, he had nothing for it, but to resort to his favorite attitude of sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and uttering his usual Caucasian truism of "God is great!" After which he suddenly took to admiring the mouldings of the ceiling.

But decidedly lovely as were the flowers and fruits that bloomed upon that glittering, gorgeous, Belshazzar-like looking table; and exquisite as were the harmonies which first seemed to stir and, ultimately, to nestle among the leaves, the spirit of mischief must have also been at that banquet, at least as an *Umbra*, for even Mr. Gorge Beaucherche could not escape its malign influences, though he was quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way, *amiably* devoting himself to his rich dowager, descanting on Chapels of Ease he had never seen, and criticising preachers whom he had never heard; which naturally brought him to the terribly ungodly state of the world in general, and of the

London world in particular; and as a modern instance, to illustrate this wise saw, he told old Lady Goldacres the desperate *set* Lady Decameron had made at *him* for her daughter, Lady Belville, before she married Lord Belville."

"Dear me!" put in a little *espiégle* woman on his left, a Mrs. De Crepigny, who had gone through all the chapels, and listened to all the preachers with a quiet smile, but, who being a friend of Lady Belville's, could not let Mr. Beaucherche's last, pass. "You surprise me, Mr. Beaucherche, for I thought, and so did everybody, that Lady Decameron had found for Constance what she had *always sought*—rank and money!"

In which, though more *exigeante*, Lady Decameron was more fortunate than Mr. Beaucherche, as *he* had passed his life in only seeking for the latter of these two boons; and still, with the exception of Lady Dives' little homoeopathic globule of El Dorado, had not succeeded in securing it. This melancholy reflection upon the unequal distribution of prizes in the lottery of life effectually silenced him for some seconds.

Mr. Jericho Jabber had by this time quite recovered from the effects of the awkward *coup de pied* he had received in Mr. Haystack's vulgar country-dance; and as he fancied himself and his *compère*, Sir Janus Allpuff, the *Boanerges* of their party, (though in every other respect, Heaven

knows nothing could be more unlike St. James, and still less like St. John, than they were,) was now holding forth upon the Jews' Disabilities Bill. For still in England now, as in Judæa erst of old, "*These sons of Levi take too much upon themselves.*"

"What is your opinion about the Jews being in Parliament?" asked Mr. Mills Bouverie of his neighbour.

"'Gad!" said he, "when there are so many infidels there already, I don't know why *they* should be excluded; but the greatest danger I see in it is this,—if the rabies among a flock of sheep or a herd of deer is such a fearful thing, surely the Rabbis (who are all sharp clever fellows) among such a number of asses will be still worse. But to tell you the truth I don't care how long they squabble over that; but I do wish they would amend the ecclesiastical laws, which are a disgrace to any *nominally* civilised country and as *unchristian* as if we had nothing *but* Jews in the legislature, whose whole and sole aim was to tinker up the Levitical law in lieu of the British Constitution. 'Gad! I must say that I should be very glad when one of the representatives of the Twelve Tribes, and his party now in the House, at the next general election, want *a cry to go to the Country with*—if they were met with another cry *from* the Country of "turn 'em out!" ——.

"Why, yes; as the English law now stands, women are certainly more brutally oppressed than any other beasts of burden in our free country."

"Yes; but a set of profligate fellows like those belonging to that clique, will twaddle amain both with tongue and pen about marriage ties!"

"Which would be all very well if there was a single law, human or divine, sufficiently stringent to compel such men to have any regard for them; but it is too bad, while *they* have all the immuni*ties* of marriage, the poor wretched women, if such be their tyrants' pleasure, should know nothing of those said marriage ties, but the cruel*ties*. Nor do I, I am sorry to say, in *our* generation, see any chance of their obtaining the slightest justice, since *the* great principle of English legislation, and the great aim of our social conventionalities appear to be the screening, upholding, and, in short, chartering profligacy in men, whose vices, however heinous, are always considered in the light of 'private affairs,' and so deferentially held sacred accordingly."

"'Gad! that *is* precisely the state of the case."

But here their attention was arrested by hearing the host exclaim—

"Oh! oh! my dear Lord Pendarvis, I cannot allow *that*."

"What are you *aux prises* with Lord Pendarvis about, Sir Titaniferous?" languidly drawled Lady

Georgiana, opening her *casolette*, and looking 'Etiquette for *Parvenus*' over it at her lord, but decidedly not master."

"Why, Lord Pendarvis says that we English, speaking *socially* more than *nationally*, have no sympathy or benevolence; and I maintain we are *the* most charitable, benevolent people in the world. Look at our charitable institutions, and the moment there is a subscription, look at the sums that flow in from all quarters."

"Granted, my dear Sir," rejoined Lord Pendarvis; "I never said that we were *not* fond of seeing our names in print, or that when an injustice, a misfortune, or an outrage *became the fashion*, and that 'The Times' had sounded the key-note of the tone our sympathy *ought* to be pitched at, that we were not equally ready to lay down our money and lift up our voices; but for the real Gospel charity of not letting our left hand know what our right does, of the real Christian sympathy that expands to the *unblazoned* sorrows of some more than lowly, of some neglected fellow creature in the prisoned exile of a despised *minority*, and which devotes time and thought, that is, gives with the heart and the head as well as the hand to their necessities—of *this* noiseless, nameless, and consistent, because *constant* benevolence, I say we *are in*capable.

"I quite agree with you," from Mr. Phippen.

"Does your Lordship forget," said Mr. Pluché, delighted to refresh his mouth with the fragrant names of so many lords and dukes, "the great, the *repeated* acts of pecuniary kindness to Brummel in his exile from his former noble companions?—who, at the time they relieved his necessities, never *could* have supposed that his life would have been published and their generosity proclaimed?"

"No, I do not forget it; and *that* just adds another argument to my budget. Brummel was an unprincipled spendthrift; still he was a human being—had been not only their former companion, but oracle; and, as they still had sufficient regard for him *when they were asked*, but not before, mind you, to put their hands in their pockets, had they given with their *hearts* and *heads*, as well as with their hands, they would have saved much of their money and have ensured more of *his* gratitude; for a little more sympathy for the horrible change of the poor old Beau's miserable exile would have caused them to have taken counsel together, and said, "Let us make some arrangement to secure this poor creature from want for his few remaining years; he is evidently not fit to be trusted with money, so we must give it *in* trust to some one for him." In short, had they done for him at *first* what Mr. Armstrong, the gentleman at Caën, did for him at *last*, the horrors of his latter days might have been spared; but the

tardy benevolence that waits to be *asked* seldom stays to see *how* it can serve; and it is, after all, but a sorry kindness to pull a person out of the water, if you then walk off, and take no further measures towards his recovery. Of all poor Brummel's former friends, the Duchess of York was the most *really* and *generously* kind, not even because she was the most punctual in supplying his necessities, but because she never failed to put the bank-notes into some little *souvenir* of her *own work*, which, without the aid of the kind letter that always accompanied her gifts, would have convinced him that it was not merely the princess relieving the pauper, but the *really great* lady gracefully remembering the poor forgotten exile, whom she still honored with her friendship."

"Hear! hear! hear! 'Gad! I like that man. Who is he?" asked Mr. Phippen.

"Lord Pendarvis. He's thought such an oddity, because he never will put down his name to a subscription, and yet gives away every shilling he has."

"Well, I only hope he has plenty of shillings *to* give away?"

"No, I am sorry to say he has not; but he is a fine, noble-hearted fellow, and generally stands up for the world's victims against its idols."

"I tell you what, Sir Titaniferous," said Lord

Pendarvis; "I'm going to infringe my rule with a vengeance, for I'm not only going to give to, but to get up, a subscription."

"Indeed! What is it to be? guineas, eh?" said the host, casting a hopeless look around, as if he wished people would talk of something pleasant.

"Guineas! no; ponies at the very least. I want to purchase a company (as the Government don't seem to have any intention of giving it to him) for that young Balaklava hero—they say he's only eighteen—young Penrhyn, of the Rifles, who, with his own hand, took up that shell out of the trenches, and flung it back into the Russian lines, where the next minute it exploded. A similar exploit was achieved by a young naval officer on board, I think, Sir Edmund Lyons's ship, the Agamemnon; and I call these the two finest and most heroic things that have yet occurred during the Crimean War."

And now a murmur ran round the table, and from voice to voice the praises of Harcourt Penrhyn were sounded with that sort of echoing enthusiasm which *popularity* always is sure of, even among the fashionable glaciers of English society; and as soon as it had in some degree subsided, Sir Titaniferous, with an air of very uncalled-for modesty, considering that it was no earthly merit of *his*, said—

"Ah! yes! we were very much pleased at such daring in a young fellow of his age, for that young Penrhyn is a near relation of mine."

"Oh! then," said Lord Pendarvis, really very innocently, though every one else thought that he had done it maliciously, "perhaps *you* would like —very naturally—to give him his company yourself? And we can still employ the subscription in giving him a sword, with the Bayard motto of "*Sans peur et sans réproche*" in brilliants on the hilt.''

"Why,—a—I—a—think he would feel more flattered at receiving it by subscription from his countrymen—and—and—countrywomen," stammered Sir Titaniferous, nervously twisting and untwisting his watch-chain round his finger, till a look from Lady Georgiana recalled him to his *vincula matrimonia*, when he hastily added, "but I'll do whatever you think best."

"No, no," said the still innocent Lord Pendarvis, "I think you are right, and that it *will* be a greater compliment to him, the more names there are to the subscription."

"And what are the subscriptions to be, Pendarvis?" said the Duke of Twilglenon, poking forward his ugly red face."

"I'm not proud. I'll take *from* the smallest coin of the realm upwards; but the best plan will be, to let the poor give according to their means, and the rich according to their meanness."

"My dear fellow, don't be *personal!*" said his Grace, laughing as heartily as if the joke had been *all* at the expense of their host, like the rest of the entertainment; whereas, in reality, by so arranging the matter, Lord Pendarvis was urging a *double* claim on the Duke of Twilglenon.

"If your Lordship will let me know where I can send you a cheque, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you my subscription to-morrow, both for the company and for the sword," said Mr. Phippen, leaning forward, and looking down the table at Lord Pendarvis.

"Many thanks, if you will have the goodness to send it to the Coventry, in Piccadilly."

"What! You're not going to get people to subscribe for a sword, as well as for the company, are you, Pendarvis?" said the Duke of Twilglenon, with an expression of strangulation darkening his fiery face, as if he had actually felt himself in the grip of a highwayman, and that his pockets were becoming as empty as his head.

"To be sure I am. The Horse Guards are so obtuse that they would never feel the cut of the company without the cut of the sword too."

"I am so sorry," said Lady De Baskerville who had made several ineffectual attempts during dinner to lure Mr. Phippen into a conversation, and now made a last effort to accomplish that affable and politic measure between the parenthesis

of a spoonful of *plombière* ice and a "Georgy dear, lend me your casolette?" "I'm so sorry that it should have so happened that we never met—I mean that young Penrhyn—Shell Penrhyn as they call him since the Balaklava affair—for he is a nephew of mine, and—a—really I feel quite proud of him, for every one says it was one of the most gallant things that ever was done, particularly in such a mere boy."

"I have the honor of knowing his mother," said Mr. Phippen drily; "and perhaps your Ladyship may wish to express that regret to her? If so, I can give you her address."

"Oh!—a—no,—no—I,—a—that is, there was a coolness between her husband and our branch of the family, and—a—I don't know her;—a—that is, I—a—have never met her at Lord Dunmington's, with whom we are very intimate, and—a—he is her uncle; but—a—I shall make a point of knowing Harcourt when he returns from the Crimea."

"Umph! perhaps he may never return, some other shell may return the compliment and take *him* up."

"Ah! true poor fellow," sighed Lady De Baskerville, looking as sentimental as an electric ache, which the ice had sent through all her teeth, could make her, while, from too closely inhaling Lady Georgiana's *casolette*, the aromatic vinegar

did the rest, and effectually brought the tears into her eyes; and again she sighed, and this time the sigh was genuine, being the echo of a mental prayer of "I hope to Heaven De Baskerville, in his off-hand good-natured way, won't go and fish out that Harcourt Penrhyn in the Crimea and claim relationship with him on Flo's account." And in order to get rid of so disagreeable an idea, and change the subject, she said aloud to Mr. Phippen—

"I heard you talking of dear Paris to Mr. Mills Bouverie. I suppose, Mr. Phippen, you have travelled a great deal?"

"Too much."

"Too much, oh! one can scarcely travel *too* much."

"I think one may, if one has been shipwrecked."

"And *you* have been shipwrecked," said Lady De Baskerville, clasping her snowy hands in the most interesting manner, and hanging out signals of distress from her still beautiful eyes as she turned them full upon her companion.

"Only once, Madam, only once."

"Surely that was enough?" And the laugh that accompanied this query, though very musical, seemed to ring discordantly in Mr. Phippen's ear, as he replied with some asperity—

"Quite, Madam; only some fools manage to be so twice."

"I have often heard poor Lord De Baskerville (my husband) talk of the terrible wreck of an East Indiaman, called after his mother, 'The Lady De Baskerville;' perhaps it was——"

"Exactly so, Madam," interrupted Mr. Phippen, with a frightful death-rattle sort of laugh; "that *was* the vessel in which I was wrecked."

"How very shocking! And was it in a storm?"

"Storm! Oh, dear, no, Madam! it was on a midsummer night; not a "Midsummer Night's Dream," either;—no, it was no dream;—the moon was high in the heavens, and the water—the water, Madam—looked as calm and unruffled as you do now."

"Strange! And how do you account for it?"

"There were syrens, Madam, in that latitude."

"I thought *they* were all a fable?"

"All a fable, indeed!"

Here Lady Georgiana rose, as did the rest of the ladies, to leave the room.

"I shall feel," laughed Lady De Baskerville, as she pushed back her chair, "that I owe you some indemnification all my life, Mr. Phippen, for your having been wrecked in my naughty namesake."

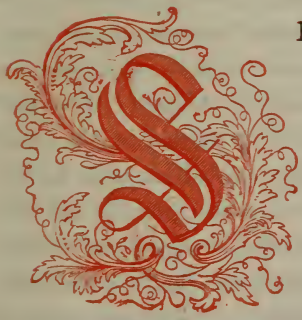
"There are other things besides the National Debt which always *must* be owing, since they never can be paid," murmured he, as the dining-room door closed. He did not return to the drawing-room again that evening, but gained his hotel.

"Set about doing good to somebody," says Howard, the philanthropist; "put on your hat; go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart."

And probably Mr. Phippen was following that prescription, as it was a medicine he had long been in the habit of taking; for though it was now twelve at night, he had scarcely got up stairs, and laid his hat upon the table, before, after taking a few hasty turns up and down the room, he again seized it, and putting it on, sallied out."

CHAPTER VII.

The Crimea.—The Bay-Heroes.—Lost and Won.—Before and after the Battle.—Safety in numbers, with wounds as with every thing else.



LOW and grey broke the morning of the eighteenth of June, as if unwilling to look upon the grim carnival that Death and War were holding upon the ensanguined plain beneath, and amid wreaths of curling smoke from the batteries, studded, as it were, with those little solid nebulæ —which are the *on dits* of bursting shells—and amid the cracking and hissing that confirmed those *on dits*, might be heard along the ranks gasping murmurs of "Murder! Murder!" But Death, who like all other tyrants, allows no truths to be

told of him with impunity, soon set his icy seal of silence upon these; and other tumults and other silences came and went in quick succession, to complete the ghastly phantasmagoria, in which, as in all other human dramas, the unities were but too well kept; for the *one step* which is ever marring or making events and individuals was here wanting; and, from their heights, the stern Malakhoff and Redan seemed to look down in contemptuous security at the way in which some of our troops, in crossing the trench, instead of coming upon the open plain in a firm body, were broken into twos and threes, from the want of a temporary step above the herm* which would have enabled them to have crossed the parapet with regularity, for want of which they had to scramble over it as well as they could; and as the top of the trench was of unequal height and form, their line was quite broken, and the moment they came out of the trench the enemy began to direct a deliberate and well-aimed *mitraille* upon them, which increased the want of order and steadiness caused by their mode of advance. And, then, amid the destructive thunders of the indefatigable artillery there arose—alas! for the last time—a clear, bold, human voice, which had in a hundred hard-fought fields before braved the

* See Mr. Russell's graphic and harrowing account of this, in his admirable letters from the Crimea to "The Times."

cannon's brazen anathemas; and now, to its uttermost powers, it sent forth its last fiat—

"This will never do. Where is the bugler to call them back?"

But, alas! though the last trump was sounding in all directions, and Heaven's orderly, the Recording Angel, was unerringly marshalling the souls as they came on, there was *no* bugler to be found. Still the gallant old soldier, as his gray hair, like silver banners, caught the breeze, kept, with voice and gesture, trying to re-form and compose his men; but the deafening denunciations of the enemy's guns so close at hand, and the dim light of the early dawn frustrated all his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops, which were herding together under a shower of grape, and endeavoured to get them in order for a rush at the batteries, which was better than standing still or retreating in a panic; a charge of the murderous missile passed;—and so died, as he had lived, gloriously doing his duty with unflinching courage, the noble, high-hearted Colonel Yea, falling in advance of his men, struck at once in the head and chest by grape-shot. And as he fell, up rose the sun in all its splendour, as if the veteran's indomitable spirit had passed at once from transient to eternal glory. Peace be to his manes! He left after him on that red field *many as* brave—*none* braver.

"Hallo, old fellow!" cried a young rifleman, rising up from where he had been kneeling close to the abbatis, binding the arm of a wounded Russian soldier, who had fallen from the bastion, with his handkerchief; catching hold, as he spoke, of the coat tail of an equally youthful infantry officer, who was rushing on, sword in hand.

"Don't stop me, Penrhyn," said the red coat, "for I've sworn I'll be first in at the Redan, unless I'm fricasseed by the way, or my name's not Dunham Massy."

"I understand," laughed Harcourt; "you just want to let the present generation know that there *is* such a name, and give future ones reason to remember it. All right, my boy; go in and win."

"You're the fellow for luck, Penrhyn, for I hear that with only twelve men you took, and, what is better, held a Russian rifle-pit yesterday."

"Pooh! that's nothing; like a mere cannon at billiards. But I'll shew you the work I've marked out for myself to-day, so don't go and steal a march upon me. Do you see," continued he, pulling young Massy aside by the lapel of his coat, and pointing to the Malakhoff—"do you see that triangular blue and black rag, waving so insolently over all that we are doing down here?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, I've taken a great fancy to have it for a pocket-handkerchief, that's all. *Un demi mot au*

sage. Still, as *you* say, if I am *not* fricasseed *en attendant*,—and truly the ground is strewed thick with warnings."

"Out upon them!" exclaimed the other boy-hero, as he added, in the words of Othello, waving his sword—

> ——'Behold! I have a weapon:
> A better never did itself sustain
> Upon a soldier's thigh;'——

only I have *not yet* seen the day—but I *must* see it—

> 'That with this little arm, and this good sword,
> I've made my way through more impediments
> Than twenty times your stop. But, oh! vain boast!
> Who can control his fate?'

And if it *is* my fate to fall, instead of to conquer, I tell you what, Penrhyn, if the route is changed, and I'm ordered to Heaven, instead of getting into the Redan, send this ring to my mother, will you? And—and—tell her," added the young man, resolutely gulping down the tears that trembled in his voice, and throwing a smile over his face, "that

> 'It is not in mortals to command success,'

you know."

"I will," said the other, "and I'll also tell her that you 'did more, for that you deserved it.' But I have a mother, too! Well, I must not

think of her, or I shall cry, and that will never do, before I get that Russian black and blue pocket-handkerchief. But, pledge for pledge, here's a little ruby heart-shaped ring, with 'THINE' engraved in the centre; it was the first my father ever gave her, and she gave it to me; if I cannot take it, you send it to her, and tell her what it says was the case to the last; and if before sunset I am knocked off, will you—" and he put his hand into his bosom, and hesitated.

Here a bugle sounded sharp and shrill.

"What? Make haste, my good fellow. Anything, everything, you wish."

"No,—nothing,—only the ring to my mother. Good bye! GOD bless you!"

And hastily they grasped each other's hands for an instant, and then dashed on into the thickest of the *mêlée*. For a short time our batteries and riflemen ceased firing, and the Russians crowded the tops of the parapets of the Redan and the round tower of the Malakhoff; but of course it was dangerous to go out in front of the lines till the enemy had hoisted a flag of truce; yet hearing the piteous groans of a poor dying soldier, entreating for GOD'S sake for a drop of water, Harcourt Penrhyn, seeing a French *tirailleur* running, with a gourd and a bottle in his hand, stopped him.

"*Dis donc, mon brave; as tu par hazard de l'eau là?*"

"*Pardi! mon Capitaine, je crois bien. Dame! avec tous nos spectacles, il n'y a rien qui fait fureur comme 'Le verre d'eau.' A-t il la vie dure ce verre d'eau?*" laughed the soldier, as he handed the young rifleman his gourd; and, unwarned by the fate of that fine, noble, young officer, Lieutenant Kidd, who had lost his life on a similar humane mission, Harcourt sprang out of the trench into the open, and as he was kneeling down to put the gourd to the dying soldier's lips, a bullet whizzed through the air, and striking him just below the heart, he fell back weltering in his blood. On rushed the masses;—one more—one less—was of no account, for blood flowed plentifully; but the gourd! the gourd *was* a prize, for water was scarce. For some hours young Penrhyn lay amid the dead and dying, exhausted from loss of blood, and the pain of his wound increased to agony by the searching rays of the sun. Many had he asked to push him back to the trench, which, by comparison, appeared to him a haven of luxury, but amid the din and tumult his feeble voice could not be heard, till a sailor of the Naval Brigade stepped over him in making his way to the trench, when he touched the man's ankle, which he had not power to grasp, and again uttered his faint petition."

"Aye, aye, Sir!" said the man, and, calling to another of his comrades, they lifted him gently into the trench.

"Thank you, my men. Oh! if I had but one drop of water!"

"I wish as I could get it for you, Sir," said the first man, who had heard him; "but Adam's grog runs shorter than any other here. Hold on there, Jack! Blowed if there ain't a dead Rooshan, with a bottle in his claw. You board him, and see what colours he sails under."

And the other sailor, so ordered, and who was nearest to the dead Russian, loosened his rigid grasp, and took the bottle from him; but, alas, it was not water, and the sailors could not wait, and so hurried on to their work. At length the sun set, red and hazily, as if from the steaming vapours of that purple field; and for a few seconds night hung in black, pall-like clouds over that wide sepulchre, when the moon rose, pale, cold and solemn, unattended by a single star, as if it was her sad privilege to be the solitary watcher of the myriad-dead; and never before had her light revealed such a saturnalia of horrors. Not only every possible attitude, but every possible expression, might there be seen in those rigid statues, which, unlike all other sculpture, instead of being stone imitating flesh, were flesh simulating stone. Here knelt a form with an up-raised rifle aiming at the air, there lay another with an up-lifted arm, as if pointing to the ghastly legions around that Heaven was still to be scaled. One with great

sightless eyes glared on the night, and let it look on them; while another, close beside it, lay with such calm close lids that its very mother might have thought it only slept, and would wake and smile on her to-morrow. And now and then, as the pale light above them moved on, might be seen some hideously distorted face, as if the fell fiend had had a fearful struggle to wrest from the fleshy ambush its forfeit soul. But, as a happy contrast to this, were others whose chiselled features lay so hushed and beautiful in death that they looked as if their ransomed spirits had but that moment soared upon some angel's wings to their eternal home, leaving their corporeal garments there as being too cumbrous to take. But for one and all the only requiem *then* was the fresh sea breeze, which passed over them like a chiliad sigh from many lands—a last message from many homes—which *they* would see no more. And beyond, on the wild world of waters, in the roads of Sevastopol, might be seen goodly ships, with their sails spread, like large-winged birds; and nearer in, towards land, was one coquettish little craft, from whose pinnace, beside the Union Jack, waved a green and white silken flag. She not only—

"Walked the waters like a thing of life,"

but she also seemed agitated with human hopes and fears, for on her deck might be seen a slight female

figure looking intently through a telescope which was directed towards the shore, and presently the boat was lowered, and manned by a crew of four sailors; and then another man, in a rough Neapolitan boat-coat, with a pointed *capuchin* hood to it, sprang in amongst them after which the boat pushed off, and the measured strokes of the oars kept time, as it were, to the beating heart of the figure on deck who stood gazing after them.

The vessel was "The Esmeralda," Lord De Baskerville's yacht. The man who had sprung the last into the boat was its owner, who, ever from the memorable shell affair at Balaklava, had found out and claimed (as his mother had dreaded) relationship with Harcourt, who had never accepted his cousin's invitation to sleep a single night on board his yacht, as he would not absent himself from his post. Still, one way or another, he had seen, between balls at Lord Stratford De Redcliffe's, and the plays acted by the Zouaves, aad various excursions to be made, a great deal of his beautiful cousin Florinda, perhaps a great deal too much for the peace of both; for, besides Harcourt's high and strictly honorable nature, which alone would have deterred him from bringing a girl bred up in all the sybarite luxury of artificial wants into the struggles, lowerings, and privations inseparable from the position of a penniless soldier of Fortune, who had

yet his way to win, and nothing to help him to do so but his high heart and his good right arm. *These*, in the French army, it is true, would have been all-sufficient to have carved out any career, however great—to have planted whole wildernesses of laurel, and to have reaped them after; but in ours, having neither patronage nor parentage, they might, indeed, if the chances of war left him a cripple, procure him a crutch—that only *bâton* our economical and exclusive system awards to the bravest of the brave, who have *but* their courage and their conduct to plead for them. And as one among many flagrant modern instances of this, look at that heroic stripling, "Redan Massy," as he is deservedly called; for had he been the two Scipios and Bayard and Condé girded into one, his young arm and antique spirit could *not* have achieved greater prodigies of valour. And has he not been rewarded? Yes, by the admiration of all Europe, the archives of his own conscience, and a graceful and well-merited testimonial from Trinity College, Dublin.

And the Government?

It has not interfered to *prevent* his accepting any of *these* rewards, nor have we heard that it has *curtailed* his pay for being crippled for life; perhaps, even in its retrenching *furor*, it considers this sufficient curtailing; *mais voila tout*, honors

are *not* to be wasted on those who can help *themselves* so lavishly to them.

But, to return to the other boy hero. Harcourt Penrhyn, exclusive of his own individual position, which precluded his thinking of taking Florinda for a wife, loved his mother with too much devotion of gratitude, too much holiness of respect, to think of entering a family (though his own) who had treated her with such contumely and neglect; and yet there were moments, when, in the presence of Florinda, and under the influence of those bewildering eyes of hers, prudence, principle, filial affection, gratitude, everything, gave way! The world was wide, but in all its boundless expanse there appeared but two human beings—Florinda and himself! Then, horrified at his egotism, he would sum up her mother's failings, endow *her* with them *all*, and *try* to hate her. But hatred, like love, will *not* be *hidden;* so finding *that* impossible, he would then absent himself for days.

But never yet could love be concealed where it exists, and the efforts generally made to conceal it are so awkward, so exaggerated, that they, treacherously, only make it the more apparent. Notwithstanding, therefore, Harcourt's unequal manner, its sudden coldness, nay, almost rudeness at times, Florinda knew—that is, she *felt*—that he loved her. On her side there was not the same reasons for

avoiding him, as she had never even heard him or his mother alluded to by her own family; and when she recognized Harcourt as the original of the picture she had seen worn by the lady she had met at the Euston Square terminus, and that in a fit of heroic and Spartan virtue, thinking that would place an effectual barrier between them, he had confessed that his mother was Sir Gregory Kempenfelt's governess, Florinda replied, with generous candour and perfect truth—

"Still she is *our* relation, and you *are* my cousin; and I like her all the better for her honest independence."

In truth we are ashamed to confess that being, like her elder brother, determined not to sacrifice herself in marriage, and, therefore, having but little respect for her mother's ambitious designs, and thinking that Lady Mabel's marriage ought to be quite sufficient to satisfy her on that head; we greatly fear that could she only have been *quite* sure that Harcourt *did* love her, were it not for maidenly modesty she would have reversed the order of things *in words* (as so many English misses do by their *acts* of devotion and attention to men), and have offered him herself and her twenty thousand pounds, which, like all young persons who know only the abuse and not the *use* of money, she thought, without carriages and horses and gold plate, which of course (at that age) she did not

care for, how happy Harcourt, his mother and herself might be for life in a dear little cottage *ornée*, all thatched at the top, all roses in the front, and a moon like the Irishman's which, by subscription, should be lighted up *all* the year round. Indeed, she had even gone as far as *saying* that when she was of age she should take a cottage of her own, and then she would ask that dear beautiful *cousin Mary* of hers to come and live with her, and she should no longer be governess to any one. But it invariably happened after one of these forward speeches that Harcourt was more distant, more impenetrable than ever; nay, sometimes he actually frowned and bit his lips as he turned away. And thus thrown back upon herself, reproved, almost rejected, the generous, devoted girl would suddenly be lashed into the chafed, proud woman, who had franchised every barrier for one whose only return was a stern though silent hint, that the sooner she replaced them the better. After any of these scenes what suffered most, next to herself, was her pocket-handkerchiefs, which were mercilessly torn asunder as she would (could she have got at it) have torn her own abject heart for having led her into such folly and humiliation; and the St. Bartholomew of these *lingerie* innocents caused the despair of Mademoiselle Ernestine, her maid, who would soliloquise over their fragmentary *chef d'œuvres* of *broderie*.

"Ah! certes, mi ladi, est un vrai bourreau d'argent, de déchirer de si bels mouchoirs, pour les quels Mlle. Félicie lui a fait payer, Dieu sait quoi!"

But with the double shrewdness of her sex and country, she was not long in suspecting that these poor handkerchiefs were the scapegoats of a *grande passion*, consequently as the destruction increased so did *her* commentaries, which for the most part were—

"Ah! ma foi! il faut qu'il soit bête comme Dieu est puissant. Ce petit militaire, avec ses beaux yeux, pour ne pas voir que miladi ne désire pas mieux que de tout sacrifier pour lui, y-compris elle même; puisque les demoiselles en Angleterre font la cour, et se marie à leur gré; pourtant c'est drôle ça comme se les hommes en valaient la peine!"

But notwithstanding Harcourt's reserve during the many months they had now known him, and his aguish hot and cold fits, there had never been the slightest skirmish from which he had escaped unscathed, that he had not, however late at night, either rowed out or sent to "The Esmeralda" to report his safety; but now, after that dreadful day, when the cannon had scarcely ceased for a moment, and their dense smoke had enveloped the surrounding country like a veil of grey crape, he neither came nor sent. What could it mean?

Suspense, though in one way so dreadful, yet in

attendance on the possibility of a horrible and irrevocable catastrophe is a boon, a positive angel-visit—for where there's doubt there's hope; and at best, in this poor little life, which for some is unrounded *even* by a dream, "What," as Miss Jewsbury truly says, "are hopes but inverted fears?" While we are in suspense, too, both body and mind are active, and peripatetick grief is never insupportable; it is not till we are felled by some colossal *certainty* of consummated evil, and truth is seated in that desolate Carthage, a broken heart, that we perceive that we are surrounded by the stupendous ruins of *all* our hopes.

Florinda and her brother had paced that deck nearly the whole day; he had talked, she had listened—but it was not to him, it was to that murderous artillery, which, to her torturing fears, seemed to endow Harcourt with ten thousand lives, only to subject him to ten thousand deaths. But at length, when the sun set, and the moon rose, and still he neither came nor sent, Lord De Baskerville said, in a low, hoarse voice—

"Flo', dear, you had better go down below; I'm going on shore."

"Let me go with you!" murmured she faintly, as she laid her hand upon his wrist, which, even through his coat, he could feel was cold as death.

"No, no, dear; *that's* impossible," said he resolutely; "go down below, there's a darling."

"Only let me stay here, then," said she, sinking

down on a bench, and leaning her head against one of the port-holes.

"Well, I'll send you up some wraps.'

And down he went, first into the state-cabin, where he found the doctor stretched upon a couch, deep in Dumas' "Paul Jones."

"Do you know, Ross," said Lord De Baskerville, "I'm terribly afraid that something has happened to poor Penrhyn, and I want you to come on shore with me."

"God bless me! I hope not," and the doctor flung down his book; "but, if your Lordship will allow me to suggest, I had better remain here, and get all my apparatus ready; for if the worst has happened, which Heaven forbid, I can be of no use; and if it is only a wound, and a curable one, he ought not to be moved after it is dressed, or the ball extracted. And I'll see a berth got ready."

"Berth! oh, no! let him have the state-bed, it will be so much larger and more comfortable."

"So it will; and it is very good of your Lordship to give it up; but as Lady Florinda's is only a small French bedstead, perhaps if that were brought into the second cabin that would be better and more airy."

"Well, whatever is best; and Florinda can have mine."

"I advise you to take some bandages and lint, and a hunting-flask of weak brandy and water."

And these preliminaries arranged, the boat, as we have already described, pushed off; and though *one* of the youthful heroes had redeemed his self-imposed pledge, and *was* first in at the Redan !—which we were now in possession of—still, the oars of "The Esmeralda's" boat were muffled as they had so long been accustomed to be, and on reaching the beach Lord De Baskerville left two sailors with the boat, taking the two others with the cushions and two oars, to make a sort of temporary litter, in case they should be successful in their search.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Drunken Soldier.—The Vivandiere.—The Lost found.—New Anatomical Phenomenon; or, the Doctor puzzled.

THOUGH not more than nine o'clock when Lord De Baskerville had set out, it was past one before Florinda, who had never moved from the seat where he had left her, perceived, more with a sort of spiritual *clairvoyance* than by her physical sight, the long watched-for boat returning; but as the moon was now waning, and thick clouds gathering for rain, only the eyes of the heart would so soon have descried that long coffin-like phantom skimming the waters, and have *seen* the strokes of those muffled oars that could not be heard. For a moment every pulsation which had been so tumultuous before, was suspended, as she

breathlessly counted, returning, but the five that went!—till the boat neared, and the companion-ladder was lowered, and she then heard her brother say:—

"Gently, gently," to the men in the boat; afterwards telling those above to be in readiness to help them as they ascended the ladder.

Her first impulse was to kneel down and silently thank GOD!—for speak she could not; then, leaning over the side, her whole being seemed concentrated in her ears; for after all it might be but a corse that they were thus silently and solemnly raising, as the great dead—who are angels then—should ever be tended.

As the two sailors that came backward first up the companion-ladder with their burthen, an unintentional jerk they gave, caused him to groan.

"Oh, thank GOD!" escaped from her lips now, not only in words, but almost in a shriek; for never were tidings more glad!—never was music more sweet to mortal ear than was that suffering moan to that poor trembling girl; for is not suffering the strongest of all proofs of life?

Mr. Ross, though a cannie, long-headed Scotchman, had also a kind heart, and being greatly addicted to the reading of romances, and by no means deficient in the perceptive organs, he had a pretty clear idea of the state of the case between the young hero of Balaklava, and the flower of

Belgravia; so, just as the sailors reached the deck with their freight, he said to the latter—

"If your ladyship will go down below, I'll be sure to let you have the first *bulletin* of your *cousin*," (as he kindly and emphatically called him, to legitimise, as it were, her irrepressible anxiety about him, and make it appear perfectly orthodox to the bystanders. "And I have no doubt," continued the doctor, "that it will be a favorable one. Meanwhile, let me prescribe for you, and prevail upon your ladyship to retire to rest, first taking a tumbler of very hot, white-wine negus."

She made no difficulty about following his advice; as she felt, if not relieved by a flood of tears, that her heart would burst. So she hurried down to her cabin just as Harcourt once more reached the deck of "The Esmeralda."

As soon as they got him down stairs, Dr. Ross ordered him to be laid on a large dining-table, and the first thing he did was to sponge his face and hands from a large bason of vinegar and water that he had there ready, and then loosen his uniform. Considerably revived by these ablutions, he opened his languid eyes, and seeing Lord De Baskerville, he slightly pressed his hand—a movement that did not escape the doctor's lynx eye.

"I must thank your lordship to leave us till I have done all that ought to be done and got him into bed, which you see is all turned down ready;

but even a look, in his present state, may agitate and excite him too much; and I'll let you know as soon as you may return."

Lord De Baskerville was gone in a moment. And then Dr. Ross proceeded to cut the uniform off piecemeal, for it was so saturated with blood that had his patient been able to sit up it could scarcely have been got off in any other way; he then found the wound was luckily about an inch and a half below the heart, and having sponged away the coagulated blood with tepid water before he had even begun to feel for the ball, Harcourt drew a long breath, and said—

"Oh! what a relief."

"Well I hope, my fine fellow, we shall soon relieve you more," and as the doctor continued his manipulations he at length said—

"What the deuce is this?" and, gently drawing it out of the wound, added—

"It looks like a glove; but, by Jove! whatever it is, it has saved your life by turning the ball aside," and he flung the red gauntlet away to the other end of the table."

"No, no, give it to me," said Harcourt feebly.

"Oh! I perceive," said the doctor, with a quiet smile, beginning to fancy that he understood how such a thing came to be in so strange a place. "*Gratitude* for its having saved your life! Umph! I remember when I was at school," added he,

continuing his operation, "that we used to read that after the battle of Mantinea, when Epaminondas was carried into his tent wounded, the first thing *he* asked for on recovering his senses was his shield, which, being brought to him, he kissed. Then, to be sure, it was considered infamous among the Greeks and Romans for a soldier to return from battle without his shield, and, perhaps, there are some modern *ra*gulations about gloves, that I'm ignorant of. Ah! come, that's something like; I've got you, you villain; and they may talk as they like about having the ball at one's foot, but as long as Fate makes nothing of one but a poor devil of a surgeon, and sends one amid wars and rumours of wars, it's quite as satisfactory to have it sometimes in one's hand. How do you feel now, eh?" said he, holding up the bullet; "don't wish me to put it back in the place I found it, do you?"

"Oh! what a relief."

"Now, have the goodness not to move a finger till I return, which will be in half a moment." And ringing a hand-bell, Doctor Ross opened the door, where he found Lord De Baskerville and his valet both waiting.

"My lord, I'm come to borrow a shirt from *you*, and as I know all young ladies are fond of *balls*—Miles, give this to *Mamzelle* Ernestine to take to Lady Florinda with my compliments, and say her

cousin will be quite ready for the first Mazurka or any thing else, if she will do him the honor of holding herself disengaged for this day month."

"Nonsense! you don't mean to say you have extracted it already?"

"Seeing's believing; but I must go back. Miles, the shirt if you please, as quick as possible; and then come and help me to get Mr. Penrhyn into bed."

"As soon as Doctor Ross had sent out word that his patient was in bed, and had dropped off into a quiet and profound sleep, not having for so many months enjoyed the most kindly luxury in life, a good bed, with nice fresh linen sheets, Florinda sat on a low stool beside the couch, upon which her brother had thrown himself, to hear the particulars of how he had, at length, and by the merest accident through a French *Vivandière* found Harcourt. He spared her the details of the horrors he had waded through, and his almost hopelessness, amid such a *maçedoine* of dead and dying, of finding the one he was in search of, especially as that dark Rifle uniform, and the slightness of the wearer, rendered him less conspicuous than those in red, though the moon was shining as bright as day.

"But I took one of the oars, and touched every heap that I passed," said he, "and when any uttered a sound, I despatched Reeves and Jackson

to try and find some sort of conveyance to have the poor creatures removed. When I came to the trench the sight was too horrible, for it looked like a *Campo Santo* turned inside out; and there, as I could not go below the surface, I probed in vain. I then made the tour of the open as far as I could, and was returning in despair, fearing he might have fallen inside the Redan;—but, determined to stay there all night and wait the morning's light,——"

Here Florinda kissed his forehead.

"And just as I got back to the trench, I saw a French chasseur d'Afrique, exceedingly drunk, trying to achieve three impossibilities, namely, to stand steadily by balancing himself on his heels, to catch hold of the *Vivandière* whom he was importuning for *encore une goutte*, and to sing, in the midst of a most insubordinate hiccup—

"'Mon système est d'aimer le bon vin,
Nos amis, la dame qui nous aime,
Quelque peu d'ouvrage, et point de chagrin
Voilà le vrai bien; ou je n'y connais rien;
Dinga! dinga! dinga! dinga! dong!
Ah! que j'aime à sonner un batême!
A Messieurs les maris j'en demande pardon;
Dinga! dinga!—(Hiccup.)

'"Veux tu nous ficher le camp? Avec ton gredin de dinga! dinga! dinga!" cried the *Vivandière*.

'"Donne moi donc une toute petite goutte? Elle est là! elle est là! elle est là! morbleu!

(Hiccup.) Chacun le sait, chacun le dit; le rĕgiment (hiccup) est le diable a quatre (hiccup) pour boire (hiccup), et se battre (hiccup), et faire le vert gallant. Tal—lal—de—ral—lal—la! (Hiccup.)'

'Qui t'avise, imbécile?' cried she, giving him a box on the ear, which laid him prostrate, as he made an attempt forcibly to possess himself of her canteen.

"'Pardon, mon bon Monsieur,' said she, addressing me; 'mais si vous vouderiez avoir la complaisance de m'aider, il y'a un pauvre jeune officier Anglais là bas, affeublé le de cadavres; et je sais bien qu'il vit encore lui, car il pousse des gémissements, voyez vous, c'est a en fendre le cœur!'

"I was only too glad to follow her, as the very words 'young officer' gave me hopes, especially as she spoke of his groans, and we had not gone far before she stopped about the middle of the trench.

"'Ecoutez!' said she.

"And, sure enough, I heard a faint groaning, but evidently proceeding only from one sufferer. The first body we dragged off the heap was that of a French colonel, covered with orders; but, poor fellow, *he* was quite gone.

"'Eh! Seigneur Dieu!' said the Vivandière, shrugging her shoulders, and looking piteously at him, 'c'est bien le cas de dire'"—

"'Ici tous sont égaux : je ne te dois plus rien
Je suis sur mon fumier, comme toi sur le tien!'"

"Comme dit le bonhomme de Caën,"

"We went on with our melancholy work, till we had extracted about four, when a groan, or rather a loud respiration, like a person breathing suddenly more freely, assured us we had come to what we were seeking; and as we raised him out of the trench, I asked the vivandière how she came to know he was there, hidden by so many? She said—

"'Dame! Monsieur en m'en allant là bas, il n'y avez que deux cadavres audessus de ce pauvre enfant; et j'ai vu cette juene tête à travers le bras, d'un pauvre vieillard.'

"It was, indeed, poor Penrhyn, who, without opening his eyes, murmured, 'Oh! thank you.' I had but three Napoleons and two roubles in my waistcoat pocket, which I slipped into the good Vivandière's hand; but for a long time she indignantly rejected them, saying—

"'Allons donc, Monsieur! est ce que ces choses lá se payent? à la guerre, comme à la guerre, il faut bien s'aider les uns les les autres.'

"'A la bonne heure,' said I, 'mais pour boire à la santé de notre trouvaille; nous autres Anglais, nous avons une superstition que rien ne réussit sans le pour boire.'"

"'Ah! dame! c'est une autre affaire; mais

pourtant, Monsieur, le vin n'est pas si cher,' said she still returning the gold, and only keeping the roubles till I again pressed them into her hand with a joke, saying—

"'Qui sait? il peut devenir cher, car vous savez ça que dit Beranger?'

"Si on mettait à l'eau fraiche,
Toute fille qui péche
L'eau fraiche, serait à la fin,
Plus cher que le vin!"

"'Dame! quant à ça, Monsieur, si on mettait à l'eau fraiche! tous les *hommes* qui péchent! vin et eau seraient bientôt hors de prix!' laughed she. By this time the men had constructed a litter with the oars and cushions, and we lifted poor Penrhyn on to it as gently as we could. I saw there was nothing the matter with his arms, and therefore thought it better not to open his coat, for fear of doing mischief; but with all our care his groans were terrible as we lifted him up, and I began lamenting that there was no araba or any kind of conveyance to take him down to the boat, till the vivandière consoled me with the presence of mind and good sense of her country, by saying—

"'Ma foi monsieur, je crois que la haquenée des cordeliers* lui secouera bien moins.'

"And having given him a little brandy and

* Going on foot.

water, which appeared to revive him, we moved on, but not before I had cordially shaken the little Vivandière's hand, and thanked her again and again.

"'De rien mon beau, Monsieur,' said she; 'ma mère était vivandière avec la grande armée, et je chasse bien de race, voila tout. Ce sera un fichu compliment! de vous dire! au revoir! ainsi adieu, Monsieur!'

"'Adieu, ma bonne! Vive l'Empereur!'

"'De tout mon cœur, Vive l'Empereur!' echoed she. 'Vous voulez dire Napoléon Trois? et vive l'autre aussi, Napoléon Premier (et premier des Empereurs!) quand même il est mort!'

"And so we parted; and as you know the rest, Flo', now go to bed."

"How I should like to see that Vivandière!" said she, as she rose to wish her brother good night, or rather morning.

"No doubt," smiled he; "but as it would be a million chances to one that you found her, I advise you *not* to set off upon such a wild-goose chase."

"Don't be impertinent, Sir," said she, slapping one of his cheeks, as she kissed the other.

The next morning Dr. Ross's *bulletin* was equally favorable. His patient had had a good night, and was considerably easier; or, as Harcourt himself expressed it, he had been in Heaven, without exactly knowing how he got there.

But both Florinda and her brother had work to do before breakfast, late as it had been when they had gone to bed. Lord De Baskerville's was to report Harcourt as dangerously wounded, at head-quarters, and obtain for him six months' leave; Florinda's to write to his mother, in all haste, stating his safety and progression towards convalescence, that she might receive this letter before she saw the official list of the killed and wounded, and she wrote accordingly:

"On board 'The Esmeralda' Yacht,
"Off Sevastopol, June 19th, 1855.

"My dear Cousin Mary,—

"Forgive me for not addressing you with due formality as Mrs. Penrhyn; but I like the former mode of accosting you so much better, as it seems more like *you*. I hasten to tell you not to be alarmed at the *fact* you will see in the papers of my cousin Harcourt's being wounded; for the ball was extracted last night, which night he slept through most comfortably, and Dr. Ross says he is going on most favorably, with less fever than he ever knew from a similar wound. But I have no doubt you would like to know all about it, and *exactly* how my brother was fortunate enough to find him after that dreadful action of yesterday?" (And here she recapitulated the same graphic description which Lord De Baskerville had given

her on the previous night.) "Should you not like to see that good Vivandière? Dr. Ross says nothing will re-establish cousin Harcourt's strength so soon as change of air; so we are going to cruise about; and I dare say, in a short time, he will be able to write to you himself, only Ross is such a medical martinet (very properly) that while there is the shadow of a shadow of danger in his exerting himself, even that much, I am sure he will not let him do it; so you must be content with me for your '*own correspondent*' till the *bulletins* cease to be issued. Do you know, I knew my cousin the moment I saw him from the likeness of that picture you wore the only time we ever met, at Euston Square, that morning. Oh! how sorry I am that I did not *then* know who you were; but if you are only half as kind and compassionate as you look, I shall make up for lost time; so tell Sir Gregory Kempenfelt, with my kind regards, not to fancy that he is going to keep you all to himself, for, that as soon as ever I am my own mistress, I am going to take a cottage. But as it will not be proper for me to live by myself—that is, to be my own chaperon—and mamma hates the country, you *must* return good for evil and come and take care of me. I forgot to tell you that De Baskerville has asked for six months' leave for our poor wounded, not exactly Hussar, but Rifleman, which, as there is no doubt of his obtaining, I dare say

England will be our destination very soon, but not till all traces of the effects of that horrid wound have been flung to the winds either of the Bosphorus or Ægean, where we think of weighing anchor for, to-morrow. Oh! here come those tiresome mail bags; so good bye, for to-day, my dear cousin Mary. Don't hate me for my *name's* sake, but believe me *de cœur*,

"Your sincerely affectionate,

"FLORINDA ANDOVER."

CHAPTER IX.

Letters from "Our own Correspondent."—The "Man of Ross" makes a scientific discovery, and, of course, as the natural consequence of so doing, threatens to write to "The Times."

HAPPINESS, like pleasure, is a game for which it is vain to seek; it must start before us or we never find it, and the reason is, perhaps, that all that is most exquisite in nature—whether in feeling, sentiment, perception, or sensation—is, to a certain degree—that is, beyond a certain point—indefinable. The lover, for instance, is generally at a loss to *define*—even where great personal attraction exists—the *exact* point from whence the electric thrill came, which at once revolutionised and subjugated his whole being; and yet this could

not be the case, if even beauty itself depended upon any known or fixed rule of proportion. Shape, color, feature and expression, may be all confessedly beautiful to *every* eye, or they may be so to *none*—save to him or her whose heart has limned them; but in either case, where the spell has wrought, those under its influence will tell you that it is something that they cannot analyze—something *not* restricted to any one portion of what they admire, but diffused over the whole, and will call it sweetness, fascination, loveableness, or any other name which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, though it is, perhaps, possible to all. But, as if nature in every thing delighted in asserting her own omnipotent spontaniety, and demonstrating the arrogant fallacies of all human pre-concerted programmes, how often does it happen that those whom LOVE selects as delegates of his power to bring us chained in the most abject bondage so as to swell his triumphs are diametrically opposite, in every respect, even in the leading lure of outward form, to that *theoretical* divinity we had set up for our future worship, whenever realisation should approach to it. "There are two causes," says an old writer, "to be considered of civil wars. The one secret, which as it is neither known nor seen, so it cannot be hindered nor remedied. It is Destinie the Will of God * *

* * * * * * * * *In se magna ruunt, lætis hunc numina rebus crescendi posuere modum.*" And this is all that can be said of that worst of civil wars—LOVE! For what is a house or a state, compared with a heart divided against itself?—For the house may find friends to arbitrate between its feuds; the state, patriots to quell its commotions, but the best heads—and more especially its *own!*—can only misjudge in causes belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

As a proof of the truth of that world-old axiom, that events which have the appearance of misfortunes often prove a happy source of future felicity, one little month before that bright July day saw him cruising about Propontis and the Euxine, Harcourt Penrhyn's wildest dreams could not have pictured the present reality of his being there upon that couch, Florinda anticipating his every wish, reading to him, singing to him, watching him, nursing him—all of which, as long as his strength failed, he thought a delightful way of dying—a happy preparatory school for Heaven;—but, now that his strength was beginning to return, the dragon Duty, and the harpy Necessity, those grim belligerents, were once more assailing his inward citadel, so that the civil war, (ten thousand times worse than the outward one from which he had just escaped,) was raging. Reason indeed is generally an unequal antagonist to passion, and

philosophers will advise that some stronger passion should be opposed to it; but if such can be found, then the passion so opposed is not love. Harcourt made many attempts at this moral economy, by throwing the recollection of his mother into the breach; but at length familiarity weakened the potency of this spell, and he had nothing for it but to arm Florinda's welfare against Florinda's self; and he so far succeeded as to resolve to go to Scutari and be nursed there, and so prove to himself that if love can soften too much, it can also elevate. Every true faith has its martyrs. Yes, he *would* go; far better to die there, of mere bodily wounds, than to remain here, struggling against every torture, and calling it happiness. Thank Heaven! up to that time he had had sufficient self-command never even to have availed himself of the dog's privilege to kiss the little hand that fed him; and then she called him Cousin Harcourt, and even Harcourt, without the cousin, and shook up his pillows, making an atmosphere of freshness and gentleness around him, like the west wind; and yet, had it been upas-laden, it could not have been more deadly to him, for his senses seemed to reel into faintness under it; when, ten thousand times worse, she would then bathe his temples with *Aqua Felsina*, or Eau de Cologne and water, till he would cry out "No! no!" and bury his face in the pillows, as if he had been

stung by an adder, and at such times poor Florinda, who was ever at her post to

> "Explain the thought, explore the asking eye,"

and answer with some little act of kindness, would, at this supposed rebuff, feel the tears gush to her eyes, thinking she had not "done her spiriting" sufficiently gently; for true delicacy, like true generosity, is always more wounded by an offence *from* itself than *to* itself.

And seeing her tears, he would, as he put his hands to his head, as if writhing under some indescribable torture, say—

"Oh! what a brute you *must* think me; but whatever you think, *don't* think me ungrateful."

And then he would ask her to read, or to sing to him, as if, as long as there was any space between them, he might gaze upon that exquisitely beautiful face with impunity, forgetting that Love's poison is of the true old Venetian subtilty, and penetrates through the eyes and ears more surely than by any other way. And now, as he lay there alone, his eyes closed (for Florinda had left him with an injunction to try and sleep), and his beautifully-chiselled and delicate features, which were still pale as marble, forming, but for his dark chestnut hair, scarcely a contrast to the pillow on which they rested, he would, with all the accessories, have made a charming picture; for the

dressing-gown in which he was wrapped was a dark purple velvet one of Lord De Baskerville's, and through the open windows, just above the sofa, might be seen the dolphins rolling and bounding through the blue waves, now golden with the setting sun, while on a large table beside the couch, covered with a Persian carpet, was a white aram-shaped glass filled with flowers, and two silver filligree baskets, one laden with grapes and figs, the other with mulberries gathered from those very trees on the plain under Mount Olympus in which Tamerlane defeated Bajazet, and all brought fresh from thence that morning. Besides a profusion of books, and a piece of half-finished embroidery, there was on a smaller table near it, a most magnificent narguile, with its equally gorgeous silver-gilt bason for the rose-water, which Lord De Baskerville had bought at Constantinople, but which he had never been allowed to smoke; and on an ottoman in the centre of the cabin was a guitar, which, whether from sporting his colors in the shape of a blue ribbon, or from a particular love to that instrument, Pattapouffe now lay curled up fast asleep beside. At the other end of the cabin was a piccolo piano, of a most exquisite tone, the outside being inlaid with green and white, ivory and silver, while the sconces for the candles were branches of coral; and, thanks to a plentiful

supply of mignionette boxes in the windows, and an occasional burning of seraglio amulets, there was nothing marine in the atmosphere. Lord De Baskerville was gone to Nicea, to try and pick up a few antiquities, either from the ruins of Pliny's Theatre or elsewhere, and meant to pass the night there; so that, as Dr. Rôss expressed it, there was nobody but Lady Florinda and himself left to "keep house."

And now the cabin-door gently opened, and Florinda entered with a bason of arrow-root in her hand, followed by Dr. Ross. Harcourt opened his eyes, for he was not sleeping, and it was almost a relief to him to see that Florinda was accompanied by the doctor; for Love, being the most Jesuitical of all the passions, is ever deluding itself, and the very same temptations from which it heroically flies under *one* name, re-christened by sophistry with another, it madly rushes to meet; and so, upon the supposed safety that exists in numbers, the same lips and eyes that were so fatally dangerous alone, were, in the presence of others, looked out for as a Pharos towards which, his every look and thought would steer.

"I hear," said she, approaching him and uncovering the arrow-root, "that somebody has been *very* naughty and did not eat his arrow-root two hours ago."

"And," chimed in Dr. Ross with his broad

Scotch accent, "*af* somebody is not able to eat arrow-root, of *coorce* he's not able to *rade latters* (letters), of which I have two for him."

"From England!" said Harcourt, rising himself on his elbow.

"No, no, *nat* from *Een*gland, only from that *dom—d* Savastapol."

"Oh! *do* give them to me, for I hope one is from Massy."

"*Wal*, *wal*, *whan* I see the last of *thot* arrow-root ye shall have the latters."

And accordingly Harcourt began, with the utmost rapidity, to swallow spoonful after spoonful of the arrow-root which Florinda still held for him, keeping his eyes fixed on her the while, with such a look of adoration, that, to say the least of it, was very unfair and almost bordering on the impious, considering his lips had never uttered any prayer of the kind.

"Eh! I did na say ye war to choke yourself with the arrow-root," said the doctor; "for I don't *wal* see *hoo* ye can *rade* yer latters if you do."

"I want to give you a good beating at chess, Dr. Ross," said Florinda, to call him off.

"Naxt to reckoning one's chickens before they are hatched, proclaiming one's *vactories* before they are won is aboot the most foolish thang I know, *pareteec*ularly in time of war; but I cannot hove the honor of accepting yer ladyship's challenge

thees evening, as I am *beesy* upon a new discovery I hove made res*pact*ing gun-shot wounds."

"Indeed! is it too scientific for us to understand?"

"Oh! no, it's sample (simple) and plain enough to the humblest capacity, or *I* should *naver* have discovered it;" and here the doctor's grin corresponded with his accent. "Yer ladyship knows what buffing the kays (keys) of a piano is?"

"Yes—well?"

"*Wal*, ye see whan a bullet is covered wi lather (leather) in like monner, only it must be kad (kid) or glove-lather, the ball is rebuffed, or turned aside."

"But do they ever cover bullets with leather?" asked Florinda in great surprise.

"Not g*an*erally, but I have known it done with great effact; and thot's just the *am*provement I mean to write to 'The Times' about, and suggest to the Board of Ordnance, because I thank (think)—"

"Do, for Heaven's sake, my dear doctor, give me my letters!" broke in Harcourt, his pale face now crimson.

"But really I should like to hear this improvement more fully explained," said the innocent Florinda.

"Another time," said the doctor, slowly taking the letters out of his coat pocket, and looking at poor Harcourt, as he did so, with a grotesque and

contradictory expression of solemn comicality, "another time; for I see the subject is too *ax*citing to my patient there. Here are yer letters, Mr. Penrhyn; and I'll just wait to hear what the news is from that infarnal place, and if they've got hold of the devil by the tail yet."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Harcourt, again becoming deadly pale, as he looked hastily first at the superscription of one letter and then at the other; "neither of these are from Massy;" and for a moment he put his hand to his forehead, and then tore one open which he knew by the handwriting to be from a young man of the name of Wilmot, in the 19th, and who was a mutual friend of his and young Massy's, but no sooner had he read the first lines, than he cried out—

"Good God! is it possible? Poor fellow! There was no iron about him, but the unalloyed gold of a thorough gentleman, and the chivalric spirit of a true soldier. Doctor, have the goodness to read this letter out, for I really cannot."

Dr. Ross took the letter, which had been travelling about after Harcourt, and was dated—

"Before Sevastopol, June 29th."

It ran as follows:—

"My dear Penrhyn,

"It is with the most sincere grief, which the whole army feels as with ONE

heart, that I have to inform you that poor Lord Raglan died last night. The immediate cause of his death was diarrhœa, ending in cholera, brought on, no doubt, by the constant strain upon mind and body, and the responsibility of a mismanagement which he had no power either to remedy or prevent, added to the death of his friend, poor General Eastcourt, to whom he was much attached; and this may be considered as the last straw that broke the camel's back, alias the last blow that broke the poor old Field-Marshal's heart. Peace be with him! He may find many as good where he is gone, but certainly has left none better after him. If it had *even* been a cannon ball;—but that d——d cholera! Well, there's no use in thinking about it. As I take it for granted, you have long ago got my letter of the 22nd, telling you how poor Massy was riddled at the Redan, I will now only tell you that I have been three times to see him. He is going on favorably as to safety; but, poor fellow! I fear he will be a cripple for life; but as he may fairly count every wound as a victory, it will be an infernal shame* if, in regard to *him*, Government

* Should historical novels still be written some five hundred years hence, and some "gifted author" of *that* day set up for an *original* genius, and kindly re-write any of Scott's novels, in short, give the then "British public"

"A book like Psalmanazar's, form'd to last,
That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;"

as the author of these volumes knows no one more likely to

follow their usual plan of leaving virtue to be its own reward, and doing nothing for him. Each time I have seen him *his 'Take care of Dowb'* has been, 'Tell Penrhyn' something or other about a ring; all the ins and outs of which, I'm ashamed to say, I forget; but the upshot of it, I know, was, that you were to keep the ring *still*, as *you* are in safe quarters (not so safe, neither, you sly dog! if that Lady Florinda Andover is such a a houri as they say. Truly, smooth water runs deep; and trust you quiet fellows for always getting the lion's share! By Jove! if I could only get leave, I would give myself a *chance*, at all events, and try what boarding 'The Esmeralda' as a corsair, doing the romantic, and carrying off your Medora *vi et armis*, would do for me.)"

The doctor's national discretion luckily prevented his rushing rashly into a parenthesis; therefore this one he skipped, thinking that the only person for whom it was intended could "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" it at his leisure, and so wound up in the most natural manner imaginable, apparently continuing to read, without any interregnum—

"Of course you don't expect anything like

figure as the hero of it than Mr. Dunham Massy, she hopes he will kindly pardon the liberty she has taken in forestalling that event;

"Quase Fortuna, eodem etiam, favor nominum inclinat."

pleasant news from this d——d place, where the old story is always going on. Our fellows (at least as many as are left of them) are pretty tollol; and, to speak in despatch style, the highest symptoms of health prevail throughout the troops, who are somnolent to a Morphiniferous degree, without ever being able to get a wink of sleep; hungry as a pack of hounds after a hard day's run, without, upon that account, being able to indulge in any aldermanic repletions; and in point of *physique*, provided they carried their knapsacks and charges on their backs to make up the weight, might all ride the "Flying Dutchman" tomorrow, without any previous training—most healthy *symptoms*, you will own, if they could but be followed up by their ordinary results. Pray thank Dr. Ross for his letter, which I did myself some three weeks ago; and hoping to see the print of *your* paw soon again, with my salaam to *les beaux yeux*,

"Believe me, my dear fellow,

"Ever faithfully yours,

BOB WILMOT."

"Poor Massy!" said Harcourt as Dr. Ross returned him the letter. "How provoking that I should never have got Wilmot's first letter of the 22nd, telling me all about the way in which Massy was wounded. What can have become of it?"

"That's another advantage," said the doctor

gravely, "of being in this part of the world. *Lat*ters seldom reach one *tal* they are converted into relics of ontiquety, whach, though it may occasion momentary *das*appointments between the two correspondents, of *coorce* enhances the value of the document."

Harcourt now opened the second letter and found that the cover contained the identical missing letter of the 23rd of June, which had been sent after him from place to place. This letter gave him all the horrible details of that heroic young Dunham Massy's fabulous valour, and terrible mutilation at the taking of the Redan, which now, nobody ignores, except the Government, apparently. And this letter was, as a natural pendent to the harrowing account of this noble young hero's sufferings, filled with the most enthusiastic encomiums on the tender care and sleepless devotion of the lady-nurses at Scutari to all the other sufferers. After which the writer added:—"And yet, to read the English papers, one would think that *no* other lady besides Miss Nightingale had, like Lord Bateman, 'put herself all aboard of a ship' *this* 'foreign country for to see,' and that *she alone*—as Mrs. Primrose insisted upon carving al-the meat for all the company at the double wedding-feast of her daughters—had insisted upon dressing all the wounds in all the wards; instead of which

never were the beneficial effects of the division of labour more triumphantly exemplified than in the manifold division of this labour of love. And yet not one word is ever said, nay, scarcely an allusion is even made to these, her brave corps of volunteers, or to those admirable Sisters of Charity, who may indeed be called angels, if the term means a messenger from Heaven. Now, *why* is it that none of these should be ever mentioned? How funny despatches would read if (let the victories or the sacrifices have been ever so glorious) no one individual, who had distinguished themselves in either, was ever mentioned but ONLY the Commander in Chief.

"I'll tal you the reason of it;" interrupted the Doctor, "it is because in England we racognise but two *pran*ciples and but two representative classes of those *pran*ciples, which are, idols and victims: the first being the *cause*, the sacond the *nate*-ural effect of that cause. But the idol-trade (not only at Birmingham, but all the world over) is the v*a*ry best trade going, and the most profitable inv*a*stment one can make of one's self, and one's vanity, for *thes* reason: that though nothing is *so* difficult to make as a reputation of *any sort*, yet nothing is so easy to keep up, when made; for quackery is like conjuring—we are all perfectly aware that it *is* a delusion—nay, for that matter, we may be shown the way of it—nevertheless, it is

not every one that is quick enough to be able to *do* the tricks himself, when he comes to try; and so, though we affect to laugh contemptuously at the charlatans, tin goblets, and hollow balls, still, we admire his dexterity—and in so doing, swell the tide on which he floats—*literally* floats, for *straws* always swim on the surface; it is only pearls that lie at the bottom; and as there are a million spectators for *one* diver, all the world can *see* the straw, and that's all the straw wants. But the hydra-curse of England, is Cotton, Cant, and Cliques; and their continued influences have produced utilitarianism, which is a sort of social River Tinto. Now the River Tinto, which rises in Sierra Morena, and empties itself into the Mediterranean, near Huelva, had the name of Tinto given it from the tinge of its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz, hardening the sand, and petrifying it in the most surprising manner; and if a stone happens to fall in, and rest upon another, they both become in a year's time perfectly united and conglutinated, as men do in cliques. The waters of the Tinto, moreover, wither all verdure from its banks, and no fish can live within them; and the like petrifying and withering powers on all the freshness of feeling and luxuriance of the human plant, has your utilitarianism. And great and irreparable injury has it done our age, but more especially our country, in rolling its withering tide to quench

those high and noble aspirations which are the offspring of enthusiasm, and which not only contribute to the perfectionizing of the fine arts, but to most other results, which are either just or elevated in action or industry. To endeavour to filtre this spirit, therefore, out of the human constitution, and reduce everything to its precise philosophical standard, is to check some of the main spirings of real—that is, of *moral*—progression, and to fix half the world, as it *has* done the English world in an egotistical apathy; and I think I may safely say, that utilitarianism will never produce either great or good men, though it may continue to produce as it has already done, *plenty* of long-headed, shallow-hearted, unprincipled profligates in private life, and unscrupulous Judases in public. One thing, at all events, is certain, that utilitarianism will never produce either a race of Dunham Massys or Harcourt Penrhyns, and that reminds me that I must be off to my bullets. But for a last shot at those old granite blocks, the utilitarians; I am now on the shady side of fifty, and can with truth say, that if enthusiasm did not add a fictitious value to the objects of our pursuit, and if imagination did not lend them their brightest coloring, they would for the most part wear an appearance too contemptible to excite a wish."

"After all, it appears to me," said Harcourt,

mournfully, "that the greatest foes to enthusiasm are the shortness of life, and the mutability of all human events." And the words were accompanied by a melancholy smile.

"God bless my soul! were you seventy-two or seventy-five your last birth-day?—for an hour *less* could not have produced such a *Solomonality*," said the doctor, keeping his mouth open to give due effect to his pretended surprise.

"Neither," rejoined Harcourt, with another smile, little less pale than the last; "but I really do think that sickness is a sort of premature old age; it teaches us diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with thoughts of a future one, better than a thousand volumes of divinity and philosophy; it gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and our youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when we find there is so little dependence to be placed upon our out-works."

"No; now really I'm much obliged to you; but just wait till I'm gone, as I cannot stand any more fortifications or out-works, considering the *rather* too much of those luxuries we have had for the last six months." And the next instant the door had closed upon the merry little doctor, and once more poor Harcourt was alone with his bane and antidote!

CHAPTER X.

The awkward silence.—"L'amore dominatore."—Harcourt, without threatening, writes to his Mother.—Description of antiquities; and, Confession of the oldest of all Antiquers.

TRUE love," says St. Evremond, "resembles ghosts and apparitions, because every body is talking about it, and nobody has ever seen it. Had St. Evremond (*qui n'était rien moins que saint*) lived in these our days, he might have converted this apophthegm into a syllogism, by adding, as the consequence of his major and minor, that, like ghosts also, nobody believes in it either; and yet like many other things seldom seen, and on that account not credited, it exists for all that; and its being exceptional, only renders it the more intense where it *does* exist.

When Dr. Ross had closed the door after him, a profound silence was the result. Now silence at all times when it intervenes in a tête-à-tête is the very antipodes of china, inasmuch as that it is extremely difficult to break; but this is peculiarly the case when two hearts are volubly and eloquently in unison, and yet there are paralysing influences, which tie the tongue, and prevent its being their interpreter. Even Florinda, who, amid the safety of numbers, and under the ægis of cousin-ship, was sufficiently fluent and disembarrassed, no sooner found herself alone with her one thought, incarnate, than a more than maiden timidity seemed to take possession of her, and the Medusa-head of her great shield turned treacherously inward on herself, but not before it had effectually petrified her companion. As she sat *she* could see the blue white-crested waves, and the dolphins rolling over them, as if trying to catch the golden spangles that the departing sun was showering down upon them as a farewell *largesse*; whereas, from where he was lying, *he* could see nothing but her blue eyes glancing from out the fair heaven of her face. But, as on the one hand, it was not possible that she could go on watching the waves and counting the dolphins for ever, so on the other, it was equally impossible that *he* could continue making the most minute and heraldic researches into the split eagle gorged with a ducal coronet, on the signet-ring

that young Massy had intrusted to his care on the morning of the Redan, and look into that fair face *never!* Things were becoming very awful; for it was impossible that a royal dinner could have been more solemn or more silent; but a crisis was at hand, and when such is the case, whether in love, law, or literature, marriage, money, or madness, *something must* be done; but, whether or no, the change will be for the better, time and the event alone can tell. As women are said to jump to conclusions, one thing, at all events, is very certain, that in all dilemmas, whether in the more serious difficulties of life, or the minor *contretemps* of social intercourse, they are the first to hit upon an expedient for jumping out of them.

"Oh! the beautiful shadows on those dolphins' backs, as the sun comes plunging down into the sea!" exclaimed Florinda. "And that reminds me for you, who are fond of poetry, I have two such gems! Shall I read them to you?"

"I shall be *so* much obliged to you if you will," said Harcourt, now timidly raising his eyes, for the first time since Dr. Ross's departure, to that perilous face; but even that slight glance seemed to have the effect of what the doctor would have called "an irritant," for he pressed his hand upon his wound, or at least upon his heart, which was in the vicinity of it, and closed his eyes for a moment, as a shudder shook his whole frame.

"There, now!" cried Florinda, "you have hurt yourself in moving; if you do not keep perfectly still, I will not read to you."

"No, no!—it was nothing—only a spasm;—it is over now, and I long to hear what you have to read to me."

"The first must be the 'SHADOWS,'"* said she, taking two Magazines off the table, "as the most appropriate, though I think the other the finest thing I have yet seen in modern poetry;" and she read first the following charming lines from "Fraser's Magazine," in her low, clear, sweet voice, which made to the harmonious lines a most musical accompaniment:—

SHADOWS.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Floating far o'er the hills away;
As over the sky
The light clouds fly,
So o'er the mountains wander they.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sleeping soft on the meadows green;
Fair are the flowers
In sun-bright bowers,
But fairer the flowers those shades between!

* Luckily, everything now-a-days seems to be admissible in literature, from re-writing other people's books to writing the puffs on one's own; otherwise the introduction of this and the following gem here, would certainly be an unpardonable anachronism, as "Shadows" only appeared in the April number of "Fraser," 1856, and "The Burial of Moses" in "The Dublin University Magazine" for ibid.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Dancing light on the ocean spray;
Changing each wave
From gay to grave,
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake:
Where the mountains seem
As if viewed in a dream,
And a world of purer beauty make.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
In the world without and the world within;
For joy may borrow
A charm from sorrow;
And charity smiles on repentant sin.

"Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Falling soft on the dazzled vision;
When the tender thought,
By memory brought,
Tempers the glare of hopes elysian.

"And there are shadows—merciful shadows,
Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart;
When first it knows
That Love's flame glows
Stronger and purer when joys depart.

"Then bless the shadows—the beautiful shadows;
And take this thought as you gaze abroad;
That in heaven and earth
Shades owe their birth
To LIGHT—AND LIGHT IS THE SHADOW OF GOD.*

N. N. S."

"Beautiful indeed!" sighed Harcourt, as he repeated the last stanza after her; and, looking full

* *Lux umbra Dei*—an old Platonic notion.

in her face, round which a golden halo now played from the refracted rays of the gorgeous sun, he echoed—

"——— AND LIGHT IS THE SHADOW OF GOD!"

"Is it too much," said he, as her eyes were still fixed on the book, and she was silently reading over again these beautiful lines. "Is it too much to ask you to sing me something?"

"Nothing is too much when young gentlemen ask so humbly and prettily for it, as the nursemaids say to the children," smiled she; "but while the daylight lasts I *must* read you my other gem of gems, and if you do not agree with me that it is the finest thing of the kind in modern poetry, why we shall have a serious quarrel, that's all." And, opening the "Dublin University Magazine," she read out—

'"THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

'And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'—Deut. xxiv., 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
  There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
  And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
  And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth;

But no man heard the trampling
  Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
  Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eirie
  Looked on the wond'rous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
  Still shuns that hallow'd spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed,
  While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
  With costly marble drest;
In the great minster transept,
  Where lights like glories fall,

And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
  Along th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted Poet
  That ever breath'd a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
  The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
  To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
  Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought!
  Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
  O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
  Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
  Of him He loved so well."'

"That is indeed fine! No, we shall not quarrel,

Florinda;" and it was well the day was waning, for it was the first time he had ever called her by her name, and his voice trembled at his own temerity, that, to quote two of the exquisite lines he had just been hearing, the tumultuous blood came eddying up from his heart as when—

> "—— The crimson streak on ocean's cheek
> Grows into the great sun."

Yet the pallor that had been so suddenly expelled from his wan face seemed to have fled to hers for refuge, for having heard her own name so tremulously pronounced she trembled too. Was she afraid the winds and waves would hear it also? and proclaim it throughout what Camoens calls

> "A grande Inglaterra che de neve
> Boreal sempre abunda,"

where, at all events, through the conventional hearts (?) of what we call "society," the snows of apathy seldom or never melt, and the north wind of prejudice seldom ceases to blow. It might be to hush with many sounds that tell-tale name, or to mystify the listening winds and waves, that she so hastily took up the guitar, greatly to Pattapouffe's annoyance, who had pillowed his little, snowy, fluffy, head on the ribbon attached to it; and as she preluded one of those touching minors of a Brazilian modinha upon it,—

"What a pity it is," said Harcourt, "that there

is no one who has sense enough and soul enough to marry suitable English words to those exquisite Spanish and Portuguese airs; for, as in Italian songs, the words are so seldom worthy of the music, so with us it is generally the reverse, the music seldom does justice to the words."

"I was so completely of your opinion," said she, "that from this modinha I am now playing, I uprooted all the hearts and darts, eyes and skies, flowers and bowers, and adapted those words of Shelley's to it, which sounds to me more like the truth of the music.

"Do let me hear the ones you mean."

"I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.*

"I arise from dreams of thee,
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
  And the stars are shining bright.

I arise from dreams of thee,
  And a spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how,
  Beneath thy window, sweet!

Like all the airs of that class, the last strains of it were a sort of dying away in their own sweetness, as if the theory of twin souls was being realized, and after a long, weary, separate earthly pilgrimage, they had at length met in the realms of bliss; and expanding their wings to each other,

* Which has now been set by Charles Salaman.

had, in one long first and last embrace, commingled their existence, never again to be disunited. And these strains so exquisite in themselves, lost none of their emphatic intonation from Florinda's rich contralto voice. And as the now risen moonbeams danced upon the waters, one might have almost fancied it was to the vibration of those entrancing harmonies which were then sending their last echoes over them. A murmur escaped from Harcourt mechanically; for a moment he held out his arms, as if they had been moved by the sudden touching of a spring.

"You are ill; you want something?" said Florinda, hastily laying down the guitar, and approaching the sofa; "what is it?"

"Nothing," said he, raising himself on his elbow, as he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses so vehement, so burning, that they terrified her. "Nothing, but to die; for I love you, Florinda. Oh! but I love you, till my very *soul* aches again with rapture and with torture, one of which alone would be insupportable,—there,—there,—only let me lay my head for one moment on your shoulder,—only let me hear and feel the beating of your heart *once*, and I don't care how soon mine ceases to beat; and surely death would expiate even a greater crime than my love for you."

"And is it then such a crime to love—me?—I mean," said she, as she still leant her cheek

against his, and never attempted to remove it—"to love your poor little cousin Flo'?"

"Yes, in *me*, perhaps it is; for I cannot love you as a cousin."

"And yet you said just now you loved me."

"Love you, yes, as a thing to worship!—as an angel!—A ministering angel have you not been to me!—an angel of light and life in the midst of danger and of death. Ah! I would call thee somewhat higher still; but when my thoughts search Heaven for appellations, they echo back the sovereign name of Woman! Thou woman, therefore, oh! thou loveliest woman! hear me as you would hear the unburthening of a soul that hovered on the brink of eternity, and only hoped to be shrived as it had no concealments. Don't interrupt me," continued he, upon her attempting to speak; "the torrent is dashing down from the mountain to night,—it may again be frozen up tomorrow; you have touched the rock—let the living waters then for once gush from my heart into yours. You know when your brother first so kindly sought me out; how long I was before I availed myself of his invitation. But what you do not know, and perhaps will not believe—for I can scarcely believe it myself now—is, that before I saw you, I almost hated you for your name's sake. *Now* the mere recollection of such a sacrilege seems impossible. I had heard much of your

beauty, (who has not?) but had resolved it should not be beauty to me; yet when I saw you I was bewildered, spell-bound, entranced;—

> 'Ten thousand graces played about your face,
> Ten thousand loves attended every grace.'

Still, I was then only in love with you, as it is called, for I only saw those exterior perfections which I must have been more or less than human to have resisted, and—like a shallow fool that I was, and you flattered my vanity, Florinda, (which of man's love, some say, ever is a part) by the untiring interest with which you recurred to that affair at Balaklava, and the way that beautiful face of yours grew pale at the idea of what my fate might have been, had that fusee exploded; till, to burst this hollow bubble, vanity, I recollected all women were Desdemonas, who loved men, more or less, 'for the dangers they had passed.' And then, and then, I began to reason with myself and think, even had *you* no *proud*, and *I* no *poor*, mother in the way, how many thousand more dangers must be passed before a poor lieutenant could 'pluck,' either 'from the cannon's mouth,' or his country's service, a rank sufficient to lay at *your* feet. On this, I grew most wise, most wretched; for I kept away from you, without being able to banish your recollection, till that ball at Stamboul that I was obliged to go to, (and I fear I should have gone too had I *not* been obliged,) razed the wall of

adamant that prudence and stoicism had been building up. *That* night, it was, in reproaching me for my long absence, that you *first* called me 'Cousin Harcourt.' Oh, Florinda! I still feel the balm of your gentle breath upon my cheek as you uttered those dear, yet cruel words; and as they thrilled down into my heart, my very soul seemed stirred, and suddenly flooded with light, as I have so often of late in these latitudes watched the dawn come stealthily, yet fleetly, upon the night's darkness, and steep all its clouds in day. And despise me, if you will, for my presumption; but then it was, I for the first time also thought that I was not quite indifferent to you; yet still, instead of presuming farther upon this daring surmise, I resolved anew to gird on all my resolution, and to discontinue an intercourse which I felt I could not pursue without being dishonourable to you, and inhuman to myself; and therefore, as you know, I quitted you that night, or rather morning, with more love struggling in my heart than mortal lips had ever uttered without one syllable of it passing mine. Nay, more; I had heroically resolved never to see that bewildering face of yours again, having had the virtue to refrain from asking you for your heart. Would you have given it me if I had, Florinda?"

"No," whispered she? "because you had taken it without the ceremony of asking."

At this, he folded her so closely to his heart that it was only surprising he had not driven her into it quite as far as the place from whence poor Dr. Ross had taken such pains to extract the bullet.

"But," resumed he, "not having done so, I thought I might reward such self-denial by stealing one of your gloves; and that little talisman I wore day and night next my heart; but it was a bad way of trying to forget you. And often as I have sat by our bivouac-fire at night, I have thought I would take courage and cast it from me as we are told to pluck out an eye or ear that offends; but when I came to try, I found the bare idea was but a coward's boast, which fails at the first test it's put to. And so I continued to hug my destruction only the closer, for truly, as some old poet says—

> 'Ambrosia mixed with aconite may have
> A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave.'

But only in its own way, for, as you shall hear presently, that little glove saved my life."

"Saved your life!"

"Even so. The morning of the attack on the Redan for a moment I was almost tempted to consign it to the care of a friend, to whom I had entrusted a ring to send to my mother in case I fell; but up rushed a crowd of motives to prevent my doing this—the first, a most selfish one, for I

thought if I were like so many more before the sun had set, laid in some

——'deep grave without a name,'

that *one* relic of *you* should hallow it. Neither could I bear the idea of its being touched by any other hand before it could be restored to yours; and again I said, why betray in death a love I never betrayed in life, and which may only serve as a fetter and a regret to her when she is back in her splendid home, and would perhaps gladly forget the short episode of her poor soldier-cousin?"

Here he was interrupted by Florinda's sobs, and felt his cheeks bathed with her tears; "Oh! said he, as he kissed them away, "thank God I did *not* die *then*, or I should never have known such a moment as this. Florinda! my Florinda!—*now* if never more, tell me; oh, tell it me again and again, though you unsay it all to-morrow, and though I, and reason, and duty, and all the other tortures that go to the breaking of hearts upon Fate's rack, urge you to do so; tell me *now*, that, as that beautiful poem you read to me, says, *you* do not wish time to

"Speak to those busy hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!"

"No;" murmured she,—"I only wish time to stand still at this moment; for from all his sands

never will he shake out another so happy to me as this one."

"And yet," said Harcourt, within this last month, what an ungrateful ice-bound wretch you *must* have thought me. When I was only in love with you, to conceal it was difficult enough; but oh! Florinda, when I came to love you, with every possible love! (for you have been to me a whole scale of affections, graduating from the most distant, —and ultimately harmonising into the full tone of the nearest and dearest of all); how then, could I *thank* you, as cousin, sister, nurse, and friend?—when I loved you, as what you may never be (to me), a wife! Forgive me, then, the selfishness, the madness, which has made me not only tear the mask from my own heart, but raise the veil from yours. Oh! do not, at all events, think I have done so recklessly and wantonly. God knows *how* I have struggled against this fatal weakness, night and day, hourly and momentarily; but there *is* no contending against one's fate, and the mortal who has the temerity to attempt it is soon punished by being made to succumb to it."

"Harcourt," said Florinda, raising her head from his shoulder, and trying to infuse a slight tone of resentment into her voice, which was, however, quite stifled by her tears, "it is scarcely generous of you, whom I thought *so* generous, to make me confess that I love you, and then put me to the

humiliating alternative of asking *why* I cannot be your wife, by telling me I never can be so. You say you are only a lieutenant. What of that? every Field Marshal has begun by being such, and has arrived at the highest grade of his profession *without* even stopping shells in their headlong career as you have done. You talk of our being poor. We are *not* rich certainly; but one *may* live on the interest of £20,000; then at one-and-twenty I shall be my own mistress, and I really do not think that any code of duty can call upon me to sacrifice the happiness of my whole life to my mother's pride."

"Florinda, hear me!" interupted he, and, in spite of all her efforts to prevent him, kneeling before her and taking both her hands in his; "*don't* use the word 'humiliating' in reference to anything you have said or may say to me; for were it possible that I could either adore or esteem, nay venerate, you more than I already do, it would be for that noble purity of nature which, clothed in the spotless vesture of modesty and innocence, disdains the flimsy drapery of affectation. You have given me your heart, Florinda; then have I not *a right* to its treasures, that is, to its every thought? I can quite understand that *you* may feel that you do not owe the sacrifice of your happiness to your mother's low pride (forgive me the expression); but with me the case is different. No tax of duty,

exacted by a selfish, tyranical, ambitious father, or by a vain, worldly mother, could ever, I own it, extort from me the amount of self-abnegation and sacrifice which, as a free-will offering of love, I owe, and will to the uttermost pay to my mother (who has in all things so sacrificed herself for me). All that my father *should* have been to her, but was not, I ought to be, and will. *He* entailed upon her the desertion of her own family, and the insulting contumely and neglect of his; *he* threw her ruthlessly into the world's wide arena to contend, unarmed and alone, against its fearful odds. Let *me* at least, late as it is, stand between her and them. Perhaps, in all creation, the *only* family she would object to my marrying into is yours; and even now, I know her so well, that seeing how I have given my heart, my life, nay, my very soul, into your keeping, her objection might never be expressed in *words*—an additional reason why I should respect her feelings, even at the sacrifice of my own; oh! more, Florinda, even at the sacrifice of yours."

He paused for a moment, as he hid his face in her lap, and burst into tears.

"Harcourt! dear Harcourt! *Cousin* Harcourt—for fate itself *cannot* prevent *that* relationship—now hear *me*. Never will I urge you to be unworthy of your mother, unworthy of yourself! for it is *you*, the generous, the noble, the brave, the

honest, the high-minded Harcourt that I love; and I would rather a thousand times that my heart should break in regretting you than that it should have even the faintest shadow less reason to love you. Remain then on your own high pedestal, and don't think I will ever try to drag you down from it; no, I am more ambitious than that comes to; my aim shall be to try and climb to the same height, that I may at least *seem* on a par with you, though I never can be so in reality, as you took the initiative. But do return to the sofa and let me settle your pillows, for I have something to say, that I can only whisper to you;" and with a gentle force she raised him up; when, exhausted both by mental excitement and physical exertion, he fell back on his pillow almost in a fainting state; but Florinda lit the lamp, and, bathing his temples with some eau de Cologne and water he soon revived.

"And now," resumed she, seating herself on a low stool beside the couch, and again leaning her cheek against his, "listen to what I am going to say?" But instead of doing so, he so effectually stopped her mouth with kisses, that it was some seconds before she could whisper in his ear—

"I was thinking, Harcourt, that the only time I saw your mother she seemed so good, so kind, so *like* a mother, and so unlike a mother-in-law, that *perhaps* when she came to know your poor little

Florinda she might pity her, and you know that pity is——"

"Akin to love, but how near akin has never yet been determined," put in Harcourt, punctuating the doubt with another kiss.

"Oh! so near," smiled Florinda, "that I think it must be the Cousin Harcourt of love," at which she was again interrupted by the same hermetical seal.

"Now it is very rude of you to interrupt me in this way, for I shall never finish what I was going to say—which was, that *if* your mother, after all, was to end by pitying me, and, as a natural consequence, loving me, and that she saw how humble poor *little me was*, and that I should not mind even being her servant in the *tinyest* of little cottages, or the Little Peddlingto*nest* of country-towns, perhaps—mind I say *perhaps*—though I *have* the misfortune to be her cousin, she might not mind my becoming her daughter."

"And do you think, my own darling, that *I* could ever be such a wretch as to consent to your being in such a position as you describe? Do you think, in short, that *I* would ever be accessory to placing you between those Dardanelles of English society—neglect on the one side and impertinence on the other? You little know, my own love, what it is to be *patronised* by a set of vulgar people, who, had you remained in your sphere, could never

have discovered meannesses sufficiently abject to bow down to you with. But monetary supremacy being the only one acknowledged in our utilitarian country, *poor* birth has ever but a sorry berth of it, even with those who profess to feel for the hardships it may be subjected to; for English pity is more generally evinced by the well-bred apathy of a silent standing aloof, than by the vulgar demonstrativeness of kindly acts; and how often have I heard my poor mother say, and indeed, if she had not said it, I should have seen her *suffering* it, 'that no one could form any idea of the concrete tortures *of a false position* but those who have been condemned to it.'"

"Ah!" interrupted Florinda; "you are talking of the outward geographical world, which is no more to *me* than the wall of China. *You* are *my* world, and, unless *you* set about torturing me, I defy any one, or any thing else to have the power of doing so. Therefore, that said world might do its best or its worst; contempt is all it could extort from me."

"Ah! you think so *now*, my little Flo," said he, kissing the hand he held within his own; "and I have no doubt if the poor caged animals at the Zoological Gardens could speak and tell us so, that they also heartily despise the silly and ill-natured people who goad and poke them about through their prison-bars with sticks and parasols.

Nevertheless, depend upon it, it worries them, and makes them feel sore enough when the day is over; besides, in this, the world has always the advantage, that our contempt for it ever falls short of the mark; whereas, the slightest shaft *it* barbs with persecution or malevolence is sure to strike home."

"Not if one *won't* be a target; and as for the other pokings, why I'd retreat to the very innermost recesses of my den beyond their reach. No, the only barrier that daunts me is your mother. But she *is* your mother, Harcourt; so I *won't* despair, but trust to God's goodness, which, like His power, is infinite; and what wonders does not His servant Time sometimes achieve!"

Harcourt's only reply to this was a sigh; and as he again pressed her hand to his lips, his tears once more fell hot and fast upon it.

"Nay now," said she, with a bright smile, "there is no use in your sowing my hand with kisses if you wash them away the very next moment with tears. Besides, remember

'His tears are born of unbelief who sorrows without hope.'

"Now *I*, since you have *told* me that you love me, am a true believer, and therefore *hope* all things, and can endure all things."

"Angel! if ever there was one," exclaimed he, straining her to his heart. "Oh! that I could

of eternal gratitude for having brought that horrid ball to light too, or else Dr. Ross might——"

"What might Dr. Ross do, or may he have the pleasure of doing for your ladyship?" said the little doctor, giving a cursory glance towards his patient's pillow as he entered, which Florinda suddenly perceived the necessity of arranging, as she hastily rose up and found herself standing so very close to them.

"Why," said she, "he may ring for tea if he will have the goodness to do so."

"The *vary* thing I came to enquire about; for I was sadly afraid your ladyship was doing the Oriental, and substituting pipes and sherbet for it; not but what the weed is weel enough in its way, though I prefer the shrub to it;" and so saying he rang the bell as he passed, and then walked to the sofa and felt his patient's pulse.

"Humph! its *vary* odd; but though your face is more flushed than I approve of, and your pulse are quicker than they ought to be, I find less of the hospital about you than I did this morning. It is wonderful the eff*a*ct that agreeable conversation has, even upon gun-shot wounds. If you have any intention, Lady Florinda, of going to America and turning physician, I'll be *vary* h*o*ppy to g*ee*ve you my vote and interest towards destroying your dimples and insuring your diploma."

"Thank you, Doctor; and as one good turn

deserves another, when I *do go* I shall be equally happy to try and persuade the Yankees to leave off the long-bow and patronize your improved ammunition."

"Eh, weel hit! if I could *remamber* the lines about the eagle being shot with an arrow, barbed with one of its *ain* feathers.——"

"In which the eagle had the advantage, as I have only hit you with some of your own lead."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the merry little doctor, "your ladyship may find the wit; but as I'm all for an equalisation of property, *ra*collect that the laugh is it *my* expense. Weel, *na*ver mind, *on se retire pour mieux sauter;* and though I may beat a retreat to-night, I'll bide my time."

And, not the least doubting that he would, no sooner were the tea-things removed than she arranged the chess-board, thinking that would be the most effectual means of silencing him.

Florinda was supremely happy that evening; and as happiness, unlike the meteor, joy, is a deep, quiet, silent thing, that quiet, silent game suited her admirably. Harcourt also felt as if the dense chaos, out of which the world had been made, was removed from his heart, and spheres of light began to revolve in its stead; and though the certainty of being loved did not suffice to make him an unclouded heaven of happiness, as it did her, yet he did, it must be confessed—despite all his

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fears for the future—revel in that preventive feeling common to lovers and to dogs in the manger, that if she could not be his—at all events, loving him—she would be nobody else's; and such a wonderful elixir was this reflection that the next day he found strength to write a long letter to his mother, which began, naturally, by expatiating upon the extreme and ceaseless care and kindness he had received from *his cousin*, to which care and kindness Dr. Ross had assured him, under Providence, *she was indebted for still having a son. That* he thought a stronger way of putting it than to which under Providence *I owe my life.* And then began the difficulty as to the *pith* and *real* drift of the letter, as men *don't* write postscripts; no, but they can cram the gist of the matter into an inconceivably small space under the seal. But as he was a long way off from that, yet he thought the best plan would be to be geographical before he was graphic touching what had a far deeper interest for him; so, taking an heroic plunge into the Baltic, he went on to say—"In fact, my dearest mother, this little cruise has done me a world of good. As you know, Strabo imagined that the overflowing of the Euxine and the Baltic formed the Propontis; and certainly the two lakes on the north bank of the latter prove that its waters gradually sunk; and its bed will one day be filled up like those of the Euxine and Baltic. We

went from Constantinople to Selivri, Heraclea, Ganos, Myrioplato, Peristasis, and Palio Patino, crossing the Strait of the Dardanelles. Mount Olympus, they tell me (as I could not go on shore) has still at its foot, a well-watered plain; but of what I can assure you from my *own* personal experience is, that the mulberries from that said plain, in which Tamerlane and Bajazet had their set-to, are still super-excellent. I confess I was grieved not to be able to ascend woody Olympus, and from its summit catch that magnificent view, (as every one says it is) of Constantinople. I was serry, too, not to see that triangular pyramid, the tomb of Caius Filiscus, the son of the *Ross* of that day; I mean of the physician, Asclepiades. As for the pretended pillar of Pompey, it is nothing more than an altar erected in honor of Augustus, as this inscription on it proves—

'CAESARI AVGVSTO
E. C L. ANNIDIVS
L. F. C L A
F R O N T O.'

But, Mother, that for once an epitaph may *not* lie, but tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if you want an inscription for my urn, let it be, 'Herein are the ashes of one who loved Florinda Andover better than his life, but who loved his exemplary mother better than either, and so sacrificed both, rather than give her one

moment's uneasiness.' And now, Mother mine, good bye, and God ever bless you. You now know *all*, and never shall know less than the exact truth from your

"Grateful and affectionate son,

Harcourt Penrhyn.

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